







# THE DOLPHIN.

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## THE TRAINING OF A CHANCEL CHOIR.

### I.

FROM the considerations presented in the first paper of this series, it is evident that there are some very distinctive principles entailed in the successful organizing and directing of boy-choirs. The arguments alleged by the first collaborator have made it plain that if the reform-movement in Church Music is going to meet with anything like popularity here in America, the new choirs must be organized and maintained systematically and scientifically. There can scarcely be any doubt about this.

The present writer has for his part in the series, the discussion of some questions that follow naturally from the conclusions of the preceding article. The propositions which underlie the considerations to be offered in these pages, are the answer to the question: "What is the final guarantee of the effectiveness of choirs that have been correctly organized?"

It will appear during the progress of this article,—(1) that the effectiveness of boy-choirs is first and last determined by the care and method used in training the boys' voices; (2) that the *sine qua non* of the success of these choirs is the correct formation and development of that peculiar tone-quality inherent in every boy's voice, which makes the boy's voice preëminently the best vehicle for the expression of the religious sentiments of Catholic ritual-music.

The characteristic which differentiates the boy-voice, clearly and beyond any doubt, from other human voices, is essentially this, that it is absolutely free from any even remote suggestion of personal sentiment. It is not colored by the exaggerated emotion or the latent passionateness which must to the end unfit the

female voice for use in purely ecclesiastical music. Boys are capable of religious emotions, but anything like a personal, passionate, human sentiment is altogether impossible in their stage of physical development. Boys can express only such ideas as are inseparably connected with the spiritual tone of a composition. Women, on the other hand, can hardly avoid adding something of their own personal sentiment and mood; their tones insinuate something at variance with the strictly sacred and ecclesiastical character which should pervade all the music performed at the Offices of the Most High. And so it may be said that the feature which makes boys' voices *par excellence* the perfect instrument for the rendition of the chant and the other legitimate styles of ritual-song, is something negative if compared to the female voice, and something positive if compared to the coarse and strident tones of boys before they have been trained.

Obviously, then, a boy-choir must be educated with the greatest care and vigilance.

The peculiarities in the construction of the child's voice, and the various tendencies which characterize its development, must be carefully thought about and examined. The best methods for clarifying this distinctly spiritual timbre of the boy's voice, and the processes for effecting and preserving the imperceptible fusion of its two distinct registers which has made the English choirs famous, should be diligently considered by all choirmasters who hope to do successful work. It is a pity that there have been some choirs here in which the mention of a special process for training the boys' voices would have been as much a surprise to the directors as to the choristers themselves. The necessity of using a distinct method of voice culture which would be especially applicable to the physical and vocal conditions of boys, seems not to have been known by all who in the past have announced themselves as competent directors of boy-choirs. The singing of indifferently trained boys, and even the singing of boys who have received a certain amount of intelligent vocal instruction, but not according to the principles and methods which constitute the art of teaching chancel-choirs—a distinct branch of the musical profession—is often intolerable; strident, unrefined, lacking in flexibility, smoothness, and general finish.



The scientific cultivation of the boy-voice is a department of vocal art which is entirely distinct, in method, from all other systems of voice culture. The average boy is endowed with a natural voice practically identical in quality and timbre with that of the girl of like age. The physiological construction of the vocal organs is the same in both boy and girl, and continues up to the inevitable time of mutation in the boy-voice, which occurs generally between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. The purpose of vocal training during the four to six years' period of the boy's usefulness as a singer, is to produce a similar quality of tone and a uniform degree of force throughout the range of his voice. In order to produce this desired quality of tone and uniformity of force, the boy's voice must be subjected to an entirely different system of training from that ordinarily applied to the development of the female voice. Herein we perceive a leading principle which must be carefully borne in mind by the instructor of boy-choirs. The reason for this radically different method of dealing with the boy-voice is that the work done is usually a task of reconstruction, not of building upon a first foundation. Before the application of correct principles of vocal art to his case, he has in most cases unwittingly accustomed himself to certain incorrect usages of his most accessible tones, and the serious faults thus acquired must be entirely overcome by a special kind of training peculiar to his case. The strenuous life which the average American boy leads from cradle to long trousers, has endowed him with a forcible tone of speech and song which he emits with all the vigor of muscular power at his command. Baseball, football, wrestling, and singing are to him but so many ways of working off his surplus energy and asserting the sturdy prerogatives of his masculinity. The spirit in which he sings a song is much the same as that in which he kicks a pig-skin or breaks a race-tape,—his main idea being to "win out." In consequence, the exquisite voice with which he was gifted by nature has given place to a hoarse, strident, and even blatant voice which by careful methods of culture—proved invincible by widespread usage—must be restored to its pristine state of sweetness. The quiet domestic life of the average girl of the same age has fostered the best qualities of her voice and, generally speaking, the develop-

ment of her voice requires no marked deviation from the conventional methods. A girl's voice during girlhood cannot compare in charm of tonal beauty with the boy's voice; it can never attain to "that indefinable something"—to quote Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, F.R.A.M.—which is inherent in the ideal boy-voice. The voice of the cantatrice is always personal; the boy's voice scarcely ever so. And yet the impersonality of the boy's voice is by no means the greatest of its charms. Its boundless upward range elicited from Caryl Florio the admiring eulogium, "There is no top to a boy's voice." The tribute which the eminent scholar and critic, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, once paid the then famous Harry Brandon of New York, was couched thus: "He can soar into realms where few living prime donne can follow him, and his voice is so flexible that he sings the most florid music without difficulty." We might multiply *ad infinitum* the encomiums which the boy-voice in its perfect state of culture has elicited from the votaries of music. We might quote the endless comparisons of the ideal boy-voice with the cultured female voice, in which the former has won by the contrast.

But we must now proceed without further preliminaries to the choir-room, which is to be the scene of future labors, and where we are to meet the young lads who have been selected according to the principles enunciated in the first paper of this series. Bearing in mind the fundamental distinctions between the methods of training the boy's and girl's voice respectively, we will now reduce to application the chief principles of training the former, which the best authorities, English, Continental, and American, advocate as the desideratum for successful practice.

## II.

The training of the boys must be of two kinds,—vocal and technical. Let us first concern ourselves with the vocal training of the soprano-boys.

The first step is to see that the tones of the scale are recognized and produced according to their proper pitch by each boy separately. The choirmaster will at once detect two entirely different methods of singing in the same pupil. Up to a certain point in the ascent of the scale, he will observe a coarse, heavy quality of



tone, in the production of which, force and conscious effort are conspicuous. About that point—which varies with different boys—the voice is clear and of a flute-like character, enriched, in some exceptional instances, by a most desirable suggestion of horn-like quality. These higher tones are produced without effort, and so entirely different are they from the lower tones of the scale that it is difficult to believe that the different qualities of sound emanate from the same lad. Hereby is manifested the dual principle upon which every human voice in the abstract is constructed,—that is to say, its natural division into two general registers.

“A register,” says Emil Belinke, “consists of a series of tones which are produced by the same mechanism.” The two registers of the boy’s voice, respectively denominated the *head* and *chest* registers, are commonly called in England, the *thin* and *thick* registers, these adjectives having reference to the quality of voice rather than to the placing of the tones. Some authorities term the high head-notes *upper thin*, and the chest notes, *lower thick*, thus making four registers; but as these two added registers are merely extensions of the two stated ones, head and chest, and as the same exercises are used in their development, they need not be separately considered.

If the average boy undertakes to sing without instruction, or after imperfect teaching, he will inevitably force his chest tones far up into the range of the head register. This forcing of the chest-tones produces a most unpleasant quality, and incidentally injures a voice.

Having discerned the break in a voice which occurs in singing an ascending scale, the choirmaster should now have his pupil descend the scale, commencing at F (fifth line). The break, as we may now call it, is soon in evidence again; but this time it occurs at a lower point in the scale. In this is revealed the vital point which should be borne in mind throughout the entire process of blending the registers.

The chest-voice cannot only be forced up into the domain of the head-voice, but the head-voice can be made to over-lap the chest-voice in the descending scale.

By applying to all the members of the boys’ section experiments similar to those outlined above, the choirmaster will dis-

cover the same characteristics existing among them all, though sometimes an exception is found. *Obviously, then, a boy is unfit for use in the choir until he has overcome the break between the registers.* Had he the voice of a seraph in his upper tones, he is useless as a chorister while his lower tones resemble those of an auctioneer. The purpose of scientific training is apparent. By constant training only can the entire voice be brought into focus and made uniform in quality and degree of force. The voice of the individual chorister, and of the *ensemble*, must be treated upon definite and recognized principles of instruction. It is the purpose of this paper to indicate and emphasize some of the most important of these principles.

The elementary principles of correct practice are laid down by Dr. George Martin of St. Paul's Cathedral, London: "Boys should be taught to open the mouth properly, and never to sing with the teeth closed. The tongue must not be curled up, the tip slightly touching the lower teeth. Many masters enjoin an unnatural extension of the mouth in singing. The best plan is to make each boy place his thumb edgewise as far as the first joint. Then the mouth is opened in its natural position for singing. The thumb is then to be drawn gently away, leaving the teeth in the position they occupied when the thumb was between them. The head should be held erect and any tendency toward *throwing forward the chin* should be checked at once." Elsewhere he says: "The quality of tone produced by the boys in the practice-room, and by the whole choir combined, should be pure and free from harshness, and the enunciation as clear as possible. The shape of the resonance box formed by the hollow of the mouth materially affects the quality of the tone produced. The master should be careful to check all that kind of singing which is called 'throaty,' but which might be more accurately described as tonsillitic, and stop every form of nasal production."

The boys correspond readily with an intelligent system of instruction, and they soon learn to carry the thin register downward so as to include the notes in the vicinity of the "break." How then shall the choirmaster proceed to reduce the necessary instructions to a definite system?



He should bear in mind first of all, that the fundamental principles underlying the successful training of the boy's voice are, —(1) soft singing; (2) downward practice of scales. Commencing with F (fifth line), single tones should be sustained softly during a slow emission of breaths to the syllable "OO," and this process should be continued in chromatic intervals as far as the thin register can be made to descend. Returning then to high F, groups of three, four, and more tones in any descending form may be taken to the same syllable "OO." It will not be necessary to confine the practice of the higher tones of the thin register to downward progression only. That portion of the voice may be dealt with so as to add to it new upper tones; and as such tones are added, they should form the starting-point for the downward practice of exercises designed to conquer the break between the registers. The vowel sound "OO" is generally adopted as the basic syllable for the tone-practice of boys, as it tends to impart a mellow, flute-like character to the voice. Furthermore, it betrays at once any tendency toward nasal or throaty tone-production, so that such tendency may be corrected in its incipency. The advantage of using this vowel sound is increased by prefixing a consonant like K, or a combination like *WH*; these serve to project and "place" the vowel sound properly.

For the purpose of gaining flexibility, "OO" and "AH" may be used alternately in moderately rapid passages, thus:—

G F G E G D G C etc.  
 OO AH OO AH OO AH OO AH  
 AH OO AH OO AH OO AH OO

Mr. Robert Louis Gannon, Choirmaster of the Mission Church (Redemptorist Fathers), Boston, secures excellent results in the way of fluency by the use of an exercise of this sort.

One important point to be kept in mind is that in practical choir singing, the soprano part must be of a tonal character which will blend consistently with the other parts. We have all heard "overtrained" boy-sopranos, where soullessness of voice is in evidence in spite of faultless production, and whose frigidity of tone is like the coldness of the polished marble shaft. The boy's voice has been called "*angelic*"; but it must be remembered that

it has the essential characteristics of the *vox humana*. When it is blended with the active voices of a church choir, the vibrating string-like character should be in evidence in the soprano as well as in the deeper parts. Where this quality is lacking, the *ensemble* effect is much the same as that obtainable in an orchestra in which there are no violinists, the upper parts being assigned solely to flutes and light reed instruments.

I have endeavored to indicate the general scheme upon which the cultivation of the boy-voice must be based, if the choirmaster is to secure the best results. It is recommended, however, that he familiarize himself with some established system of vocal exercises which have produced recognized results in choirs of international reputation. Dr. Martin's excellent book<sup>1</sup> should be in the hands of every boy-choir leader. This book embodies some exercises from the pen of Sir John Stainer, which for twenty years have been used daily in the famous choir at St. Paul's, London.

We come now to a much mooted question among choirmasters, and the distinguished authorities arrayed on each side of the question will indicate the force of the arguments which the supporter of each side can produce in favor of his contention. I refer to the two opposite ways of overcoming the *break* in the registers.

The first way is to smooth over the *break* by blending at that point the two registers of the voice, and subjecting the lower register to treatment which will greatly modify it, but by no means obliterate it. The other way is to eliminate *absolutely* the chest register, and to make the chorister use his thin register throughout the entire range of his voice. Let it be said at the outset that it is the conviction of the writers of this symposium that for the purposes of rendering our music the first of these methods is unquestionably the better. This difference of opinion has existed for years, and from Mr. Krehbiel we discern the same contention in 1888. Incidentally speaking of Mr. La Jeune, Organist of St. John's Chapel, New York, he says:

“ His method differs from that of the *majority*, in that he does not permit the use of the chest tones at all by the boys. This is not because he believes the chest tones of boys cannot be used effectively, but because he holds it is impossible to bridge over the break between

<sup>1</sup> Novello, Ewer & Co., London and New York.



the registers, in the three or four hours' study a week which the appropriation for choir purposes enables him to have. Mr. Messiter, of Trinity Church, holds decidedly to the opposite opinion, and on this mixed question there are nearly as many diverse views as there are choirmasters. As a rule, the practice is to train the head voice downward, and to prohibit the use of the chest tones above G on the second line of the treble staff. Those who, like Arthur E. Crook, of Calvary, split up the voice into more than two registers, believe also in cultivating the medium tones, on the ground that, while sweetness and purity of tone are gained by developing the head tones downward, *the singing of the choir trained on this plan will lack brilliancy.*"

It is presumed that this last statement refers to the complete absence of chest tones in training low notes on the head plan. Every authority advocates training downward. In fact, the downward plan, while permitting the use of the chest tone, at the same time gives the usually strident chest register a modified character which is apparent early in the training.

One important consideration which the Catholic choirmaster must take into account in settling for his own practice the merit of this question, is that the chorister must be fitted to sing the Gregorian Chant instead of music which has been especially written with reference to his paramount abilities, as is the case in the Anglican Church. The chant is of wide range and varied character, oftentimes calling for great virility of tone; the insipidity of a voice trained entirely in the head register would be entirely inadequate to the requirements. For example: the *Victimæ Paschali* sung throughout in the thin register, supposing of course that the low notes could be thus reached, would lose its triumphant character. If this sequence is transposed to a pitch where it can be sung readily in the head register, the effect of such a passage as "Dic nobis Maria" and "Angelicæ testes," the victorious character of the melody is lost in its trivial treatment. The effect would be something like that of bugle call to arms played upon fifes. The difficulty in this particular sequence could be obviated, it is true, by the particular phrases in question being given to *altos* or *basses*; but such solutions in the general rendering of the chant are not always practicable. The boy's voice must be trained to meet any emergencies in the chant.

To sum up. (1) According to Mr. Krehbiel, the majority of choirmasters advocate the retention of the chest register in a modified form. (2) For all practical purposes, a qualified chest-tone seems indispensable in Catholic music.

Having decided to train the boys on this principle, choirmasters should take a method of dealing with the chest register which shall tend to free it from all symptoms of harshness and bridge over the break between the registers. Soft-singing and downward practice of scales from a point in the thin register must be insisted upon. Choristers must be given individual practice. By application and patience and the exercise of ingenuity and invention to cover special cases the habit of singing smoothly over the break can be acquired. Before leaving the subject of tone production, it would be well to mention that, upon the attainment of proficiency in singing, the general practice need not be confined exclusively to downward progressions, although this should still be the prevailing method.

Theoretically, the subject of proper breathing should be treated before that of tone production; practically, in the case of boys, it should not be enlarged upon until after they have been taught once or twice to produce tones. But for the production of sustained notes a regular system of correct breathing must be taught in the first days of instruction. For exercise in breathing, we can do no better than quote again Dr. Martin:—

“At the outset the boys must be made to stand in an upright position, both feet being firmly planted on the floor. During the breathing exercises the hands should be placed behind the back in as easy an attitude as possible, so as not to cramp the body in any way. The mouth must be slightly opened, and the air drawn gently in. When a full breath is taken, the chest, ribs, and abdomen must be enlarged and expanded. Any tendency to raise the shoulders must be considered a sign of bad breathing. Four slow beats should be counted during this process, and the breath should be taken slowly, silently, and very evenly. The breaths thus drawn must be carefully retained in the body without the slightest escape, while four is counted. Then with a strong effort of will and command of the muscles, the breath must be evenly and gradually expired while another four of equal measure is counted. Thus twelve beats will be used. Four



to take breath, four to hold it, and four to let gently forth. . . . It is most important that the teacher should explain to the boys that considerable mental force is required to prevent the air from rushing out too quickly at the beginning of the process of expiration."

It is also most useful in breathing exercises to have the lads stand with arms akimbo and palms of hands on the hips; this arrangement affords even greater freedom to the chest and abdominal muscles than when the hands are placed behind the back. At least five minutes of every rehearsal should be devoted to an exercise of this sort.

We have treated thus far of the training of the boy-sopranos. How does the choirmaster proceed with the altos? By precisely the same method, applied to a range of voice lower in the scale. The break in the alto-voice must be located, and with the application thereupon of the same method of treatment the boy-alto will develop a timbre of voice which will readily and beautifully blend with the flute-like quality of the sopranos.

The men, too, should be trained along some such definite line of voice-culture as can be applied to them *en masse*, in sections, or as individuals. If they are young men, just beginning their musical career, they will appreciate such training, and it will go a long way toward securing their steady coöperation in choir-work. It is most desirable that the men should use their voices according to some fixed plan, and that there should not be left loose among them one individual with personal peculiarities in voice or tone production. We all know what harm one twangy, nasal tenor, or one chesty basso, can do even in reasonably large choirs. The boy-choir is no place for either of them. The purity of tone which the ideal choir of boys and men can and should attain to is, as it were, the clearness of crystal. Natural flaws of voice in the deeper parts can be largely corrected by the use of proper vocalizing, and choirmasters will do well to adapt any of the recognized methods of voice-production for tenors and basses to the use of the men of the choir.

### III.—TECHNICAL TRAINING.

We pass now to the technical training of the choristers in such of the theoretical principles of music as are necessary to him.

The reading not only of modern music, but also of Gregorian Chant, must be studied and mastered. The rudiments of modern music must be studied until each chorister is thoroughly acquainted with them. He should be able to name all notes in all of the lines and spaces, and some of the leger lines, with their accidentals, and to explain the various time-values. He should be familiar with the signatures of the different keys, and he should understand the various marks of expression. In Gregorian Chant he should understand the clefs and their position in the staff; the value of the different notes and their pitch as related to the clef; the laws of duration and accent, the nature of psalmody, and many other points. A good method for learning to read modern music at sight should be introduced. Tuft's method is an ideal one, thorough and easy of comprehension. It is founded upon the *movable Do* system, by which each scale commences with *Do*. The lessons are deftly arranged, and the progress of the boys in assimilating them is remarkable. The system founded upon the *fixed Do* is most unsatisfactory. It has always proved a great task to teach boys to commence a new scale on a different sound, thus: *C* scale on *Do*, *D* scale on *Re*, *G* scale on *Sol*, etc. As a matter of fact, every scale is structurally identical. If *C* on a piano is tuned up to *D*, and every succeeding note accordingly, a perfect *D* scale will be heard. This is where the movable *Do* makes sight-singing easy. Every new scale starts on *Do*, and the perfect uniformity of the diatonic scale-intervals is impressed on the boy's mind without conscious effort on his part.

The movable *Do* will also facilitate the reading of the chant in which the position of the notes on the staff is relative. The writer of the third essay of this series will set forth reasons why the Gregorian notation of the chant is preferable in every way to the modern notation. Suffice it here to say that any attempt to learn to read Gregorian Chant according to some transcription of the same into modern notation would do violence to the entire system of theoretical musical knowledge as studied and mastered by the chorister.

It is hardly possible that those who are now interested and engaged in the revival of the traditional music of the Church have not before this realized the great necessity of embodying the



choirmaster and organist in one man. Nothing can be more obvious than that the choirmaster must have the reins in his hand absolutely. Any organist of skill who has also had charge of choirs or bodies of singers, will realize that there are subtle ways which, indeed, he cannot himself explain, but by which, with his fingers on the keys, he can so wield his singers as to produce any desired impression upon their minds. In these days of opportunity for the able organist, he should not be content to be merely a mechanical automaton while the choirmaster holds the authority and represents the greater brains of the combination. Much better results can be secured if the choirmaster and organist are embodied in one man. A further advantage to the parish would be in proportionately less expense.

To come to another point. Proper facilities must be provided for regular practice. The choir-room should be kept sacred for choir purposes, so that it may be accessible at all times. The choir should not be expected to have quarters with Sodalties and Leagues, not to mention sewing-classes and the Altar Society. The appointment of rehearsals should never depend upon whether the room is previously occupied by the St. Vincent de Paul Society or the Church Debt Association. The conscientious choirmaster will be obliged to make many appointments for personal practice, at all sorts of hours, and the scene of action should be always available to his purpose.

The piano should be one with horizontal strings, either grand or square, so that the choirmaster can sit facing the choir with an unimpeded view. The benches should be comfortable, but not conducive to lounging, and they should be arranged as nearly as possible according to the plan of the choir-stalls in the sanctuary. A blackboard with white lines, or better, a white board with black lines for the musical staff, should occupy a commanding position. It would add to the general musical effect if a few pictures representing musical subjects, for instance St. Cecilia, or some of the great composers, could hang on the walls. The cassocks and surplices of the members should hang in lockers built along the sides of the room. This would centralize the choir equipment, and would avoid the confusion which would inevitably result from mutual accommodation for choir and altar boys. A closet for

books and music should be provided in the choir-hall, and some regular method for keeping the music in repair devised. The choirmaster will find it convenient to appoint as librarians certain reliable boys whose duty it shall be to distribute and gather up the music, and see that it does not become worn beyond chance of repair.

As to the number of rehearsals, if the best quality of work is desired, from four to six hours a week for the boys, and two or three hours a week for the men is none too much. The boys should be rehearsed one hour on each of the five school days, then allowing them an absolute holiday. When the boys attend the parochial school, an arrangement between pastor, teachers, and choirmaster should be made by which a part of the rehearsal can come out of the class hours. One of the great aims of the school boy is to "get out of class," and he would gladly hew wood or carry water to attain this end. It has been abundantly proved that in a choir practice the best work is done in that portion of the hour when the lads have the satisfaction of knowing that they are out of class while their classmates are "grinding." The time between the closing of school and twilight is naturally given but grudgingly by the boys. Such an arrangement as I have just suggested might entail an extra degree of management upon the school Sisters, but they are ever susceptible to the inspiration "*ad majorem Dei Gloriam.*" The men of the choir should have at least two rehearsals a week; and on Friday night of each week there should be a full rehearsal of boys and men; this is considered to be the best night for the general practice, for it is sufficiently late in the week to admit of gathering up the results of the previous days' rehearsals, and preparing them for the Sunday which is to follow. The singing on Sunday will be characterized by all the greater freshness and spontaneity on account of the previous day's rest. Where the boys are not taken from the parochial school, it is not easy to hold the rehearsals so frequently. But there should not be less than three rehearsals a week for the boys, one for the men, and one general practice for all together. It would be a folly to hope for good results if less time than this were devoted to practice.

Our consideration as to the amount of time to be devoted to



choir-practice can be best concluded in the words of A. Madeley Richardson, Mus. Doc., F.R.C.O.: "To carry his work to a successful issue, the choirmaster must have ample time and know how to put it to the best use. An hour a day with perhaps one day a week as a holiday, is a reasonable amount of time to devote to choir-work with boys. If this time is used to the best advantage, it will be productive of great benefit to the boys, and will give possibilities of raising their singing to a very high level."

The question is often raised, "How long a time must necessarily elapse between the organization of a choir and its installation in the sanctuary?" Three months is the minimum of time required for the proper preparation. Six months would be more reasonable, and one full year is to be highly recommended. Of course, many pastors are so situated that the solution of this question is thrust suddenly upon them and in such manner that it must be solved by the first means which come to hand. But in places where the former choir of mixed voices is suddenly disbanded, and the liturgical choir is not yet ready for a public appearance, the pastors would do well to have Low Mass, or to engage a temporary unison choir of three or four men. If a sanctuary choir starts upon its career in a crude, unfinished state, it will lay up for itself the criticism and opposition of many years to come. If, on the contrary, it enters upon the performance of its functions in a condition of thorough fitness, its success is infallibly ensured.

The prudent pastor, in this regard, is he who, reading the signs of the times, and observing the straws which indicate how the wind blows, at once sets about preparing a chancel-choir. If he commences intelligently and permits himself a full year for preparation, there is no doubt but that the new liturgical choir will enter upon its career in such manner as abundantly to vindicate its installation and to win the approval of all interested.

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## NOTES ON THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "DIES IRAE."

IN the January and February issues of THE DOLPHIN the first six stanzas of the *Dies Irae* were treated from the double standpoint of their accurate version into English metre and rhyme, and their literary history. The eighteen lines comprised in the six stanzas sketch rapidly but with great vividness the picture of the Judgment. The remainder of the Hymn, which gives the "lyric cry" of the singer as he contemplates such a picture, is connected with the preceding verses by the seventh stanza, which serves as a bridge to connect the descriptive with the lyric part. With this seventh stanza the present paper deals first; and the remaining stanzas will be dealt with in this issue and the following (May).  
—EDITOR.

## STANZAS VII-X.

By the late C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

7. Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus?  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus?

The verse, particularly the third line, is based on the Vulgate of I Peter 4: 18.

The Roman Catholic versions are, as has been said, often among the best; but it is a mistake to turn *miser* by *wicked*, as is done by a writer in the *Catholic Manual*, New York, 1870. The word has sometimes of course that sense; but here it refers to the defenceless state of a soul at the Great Judgment—defenceless in all external ways; his own good deeds must be his defence. The version is this:—

"What plea shall *wicked* I pretend,  
What patron move to stand my friend,  
When scarce the just themselves defend?"

In other respects it is good, in the second line especially; but as regards the turning of *miser* some one such as this is better:—

"What shall wretched I then plead,  
Who for me shall intercede  
When the righteous scarce is freed?"

ISAAC WILLIAMS.



The words, however, *intercede* or *mediate* can hardly, I think, be considered right; in *patronus* there is a *legal* metaphor which by many translators is hardly enough brought out. The *patronus* is the advocate, the counsel; and to substitute, as Isaac Williams, Dr. Irons, and others, have so often done, the idea of intercession or mediation is to alter the verse altogether. Mediation is the intervention between two parties of one who has somewhat in common with both; to intercede is to set before the Judge on the culprit's behalf either one's own merits, as our Lord Jesus Christ does in heaven, or those of another as a Christian priest does Christ's on earth. This intercession we have in the tenth verse: the idea in this is properly of a counsel only; and the despairing soul who puts the question sees at once that no "counsel" can be had, that more than a "counsel" is wanted, and so turns to Christ as the Intercessor in the ninth and tenth verses. Thus it seems that to turn the *patronus* into an intercessor is to interfere with the due order of the Hymn. Of those who have not done this, many have as usual contented themselves with vague generalities, of which the most that can be said is that they do not exclude the true idea.

Of the few who have categorically expressed the correct idea, Drummond of Hawthornden and two or three more have used the word *advocate*; others have retained the original word in its English form: this is not perhaps to be recommended, though it may be done. Possibly some way might be found of employing the word *counsel* in its technical sense; this I have never seen done, for the following curious line of course does not employ it so:—

"What shall be my pleading tearful,  
Where shall I *get counsel cheerful*,  
When the just almost are fearful?"

—WALLACE, *Hymns of the [R. C.] Church*.

If it could be done, it must be done very carefully: for after all the "counsel" is to be such a "counsel" whose office shall so to say merge into intercession; he shall be in short *The Intercessor* Himself; and in this light the best word of all, if it were not so unusual a one, might possibly be *daysman*, actually employed by one American.

The third line need not detain us except to mention the occasional use of the word *saints* instead of the more common *just* or *righteous*.

*Line i.*—Wretch or wretched, 36 ; sinner, 4 ; guilty, 3 ; frail man, 2 ; wicked, 1 ; unworthy, 1. Plead or plea, 40 ; say, 14 ; answer, 5 ; reply, 2.

*Line ii.*—Intercede, etc., 24 ; patron, 14 (-saint, 1) ; guardian, 1 (-creature, 1) ; advocate, 7 ; defend or defender, 6 ; friend, 4 ; protector, protection, 3 ; mediate, mediation, 2 ; mediator, saviour, daysman.

*Line iii.*—Just, 52 ; righteous, 18 ; saint or saints, 6 ; good, godly, faithful, holiest. Of *sit securus* the turnings are very various.

8. Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis.

How many both in reality and fiction has this verse consoled ! Some may remember two very different tales : Mr. Neale's repentant knight transfixd by the Saracens in the "Stories of the Crusades," whose prayer is rewarded by the armed Prior from the sally absolving him at the last moment ; and Meinhold's poor "Amber Witch" racked for her supposed sorcery.

The objections to translating the first line of this verse by *King of majesty tremendous* have been already stated, neither need be repeated : that translation has probably arisen simply from the need for a double rhyme (though there are some few instances of *King of tremendous majesty* as an iambic line), for it is of older date than the present crowd of versions of Latin hymns, and therefore than the fashion to which Neale was so much attached of using original Latin words in their English form. Of this I know but one thoroughly successful instance—

"They stand, those halls of Syon,  
Conjubilant with song"—

has so succeeded ; *conjubilant* is a fine word and expressive, and unless H. A. M. (for which there was hardly a necessity) had altered it into *all jubilant*, would probably by this time have gone near to take its place in the language ; but *trucidation* (already quoted), and *cunctipotent*, and *prætergressing*, and others like them, are too pedantic to be of much value. They supply no real want, and only remind one of the Latinisms of some early pedantic writers.

The second line is perhaps the hardest line in the whole Hymn to turn well ; indeed the difficulty of this verse and the two next is so



great that very few writers indeed can be said to have succeeded. The meaning of *salvandos* is this,—those who, Almighty God sees in His infinite foreknowledge, will endure unto the end, for those are they who shall be saved, and they are saved *gratis*, according to His mercy and not by works of righteousness which they have done. And the difficulty is to express this in English without falling into Calvinistic views of predestination on the one hand, or watering the words down into nothing on the other. The coexistence of God's purposes and man's free-will is one of the most difficult problems in theology; and albeit this is not the place to attempt to discuss such a problem, we must remember its existence; for the remembrance, if it do not show us how to translate the verse, will at least show us how we must not. And most writers, in fact, appear to have been content with the latter knowledge without trying to acquire the former; for out of my two hundred versions (in round numbers) there is but a very small proportion in which it has been attempted to translate *salvandos*. One, Dr. Kynaston, has left out the whole verse; his version, however, is but a fragment; some have left out the word, as Isaac Williams—

"King of dreadful majesty,  
*Saving souls* in mercy free,  
 Fount of pity, save Thou me;"

many have taken it as if it were equal to *salvatos*. In two American versions, and in Mr. D. T. Morgan's, we have the word *elect*; *chosen* is also found. Mr. Hoskyns-Abrahall has boldly used the technical word *predestined*, wherein he was followed by the ten-syllable version of the *Sacred Heart*, 1880; and other expressions are *saints*, which has the same indecision as Drummond's word: *heirs of grace*; and the very literal one, *those who saved shall be*.<sup>1</sup> I should consider that the choice lay between the last two versions of *salvandos*; and of these—slightly cumbrous as it is—I should prefer the latter, since even in *heirs of grace* there may be thought a little uncertainty. For the translation of *gratis* the best word is probably the simple *freely*, though *gratis* itself is used in the "Thomas à Kempis" version, 1694, and later also in the *Catholic Choralist*, 1842, and in the *Lamp*, 1859; while the phrase in Mr. Simms' version is *Whose free salvation none can buy*. *Without fee* has also been used, but does not commend itself.

<sup>1</sup> "Those who saved *would be*," once or twice found, is of course wrong.

In the third line there are a few cases of the use of the word *piety*, but it is an objectionable use ; for this word now represents only our love toward God and the fruit of that love, and can hardly be used of God's love and compassion toward us, which is the meaning of the original. The shorter form of the word, *pity*, is very common, and between this, *love*, and *mercy*, all which are found, there hardly seems to be much choice. *Kindness* has been occasionally adopted, but seems to produce the same sense of something wanting which one gets from Tate and Brady's 51st Psalm—

“ Have mercy, Lord, on me,  
As Thou wert ever kind.”

The inexorable necessities of rhyme have driven Dr. Stryker to the unusual phrase *Mercy-Laver*, a synonym for *fount*, commoner in old Puritan language than now.

*Line i.*—King, 69 ; sovereign, 3 ; monarch, potentate, saviour ; majesty, 33 ; splendor, 5 ; glory, 4 ; exaltation, 3 ; dread, awe, might, awful, 18 ; tremendous, 13 ; dreadful, 11 ; dread (adj.), 3 ; dreaded, 1 ; majestic, 6 ; supreme, 2 ; supernal, 2 ; fearful, severe, glorious, wondrous, divine, resplendent.

*Line ii.*—The saved, 4 ; elect, 4 ; saints, 2 ; thine, 2 ; those who saved shall be, 2 ; chosen, 3 ; free or freely, 39.

*Line iii.*—Fount, 45 ; fountain, 4 ; font, 2 ; source, 5 ; spring, 3 ; head, 1 ; pity, 19 ; piety, 4 ; love, 10 ; mercy, 8 ; salvation, 4 ; blessing, 3 ; blessedness, 1 ; bliss, 1 ; compassion, 2 ; kindness, goodness, consolation, clemency, healing.

9. Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa Tuæ viæ :  
Ne me perdas illâ die.

“ Uncle Tom's Cabin,” like many other books which had an enormous circulation at their first publishing, is now comparatively little read ; but some will still remember how the dying St. Clare murmurs these words, and how the authoress in a note quotes one of Dr. Coles' versions, and says, “ These lines have been thus rather inadequately translated.”<sup>2</sup> Rather or very inadequate indeed are many versions

<sup>2</sup> The version quoted is the first, and must therefore have been quoted from its publication in the *Newark Advertiser* in 1847. “ Uncle Tom ” first appeared I think in 1852.



besides the American physician's; the first difficulty is to find a good word for *pie*, since it is now hardly possible to use "pious" with the Rosarists. The idea is of course carried on from the *fons pietatis* of the last verse, and is therefore literally *pitiful, compassionate*; but it has always been rendered by epithets somewhat more general than these, and it would indeed be difficult to find a literal and admissible translation. Of those which actually have been used, *good* is perhaps the best and most susceptible of the required notion; *kind, sweet, gentle*, are all unsatisfactory, all have about them an irreverent familiarity unless used with the utmost care;<sup>3</sup> and perhaps it would be on the whole better to omit any epithet for which there is no real need. Such as *blest* and *holy* of course introduce a new idea, and are objectionable on that account. Nor should such boldness be allowed as that of Mr. Brownell, 1847, who replaces the petition *Recordare, Jesu pie* by the assurance *Jesu, Thou hast not forgot*.

In the second line a new meaning has been suggested for the *via* by one of the latest American translators, Dr. Franklin Johnson, 1884. "To a Romanist," he says, "the signification is clear. He has heard much of the *via dolorosa* through which our Saviour bore His cross. . . . To the Romanist the *way* of Christ is a conception as definite as is His *cup* to the Protestant. I have no doubt that Thomas de Celano was thinking of the *via dolorosa* when he wrote the Hymn, and that he considered it a symbol of all the sufferings which the Son of God endured." It is a pleasing theory, but far-fetched, and requires proof which it has not got: there is, for instance, no proof that the phrase *via dolorosa* was in use so early, and Farrar indeed says ("Life of Christ," p. 691, note, ed. Cassell), "the so-called *Via dolorosa* does not seem to be mentioned earlier than the fourteenth century." It will be better to retain the older meaning; though even in the application of this there has been some uncertainty; for the *via* is not our Lord's way *to* earth or *from* earth, but *upon* earth, and further still, the whole of that way; not His Incarnation or Crucifixion exclusively, but His whole course

"From the poor manger to the bitter cross."

<sup>3</sup> "God infinitely condescends, man must not infinitely presume," are the words of solemn warning used on this subject in some Notes on the Appendix to H.A.M. in the *Literary Churchman* for December 12, 1868. A reply to this was written by the late Dr. Dykes, which was again rejoined to in February and March, 1869, by three most valuable papers "On Hymns." To these it would have been well if more attention had been paid by subsequent hymnologists.

And so most English writers have taken it ; though if, as many have done, the word *way* is itself to be used, it must be explained in some manner ; Archbishop Trench, for example, is hardly intelligible to a mere English reader—

“ Jesus, Lord, remember, pray,  
*I the cause was of Thy way,*  
 Do not lose me on that day.”

It is unadvisable in the third line to give up the translation of *perdas* by *lose*. The idea in the original is so clearly taken from the Vulgate version of St. John 18 : 9, “ non *perdidi* ex eis quendam,” that the corresponding idea and word from our version should be used, and to substitute such a line as *Damn me not eternally*, seems quite wrong. This mistaken notion is luckily not very common ; *do not lose me* is a frequent translation, and a few writers, as Archdeacon Rowan and the anonymous *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, have put *keep me* instead of it, referring of course to “ those that Thou gavest Me I have kept.”

On the whole, the versions which can be marked for thorough praise, besides some of those already given, are not very many : an American is one—

“ O loving Jesus, think on me,  
 Though of Thy woes the cause I be,  
 And lose me not that day from Thee.”

—*Round Table*, 1867.

Now, as far as possible, to tabulate : in doing which, as in some other cases, I find that other versions are so very variable as to force me to keep myself to the literal ones.

*Line i.*—Jesus or Jesu, 44 ; Lord, 16 ; Saviour, 4 ; Christ, 1 ; sweet, 7 ; good, 6 ; dear, 6 ; holy, 6 ; kind, 4 ; blest or blessed, 3 ; gentle, 2 ; loving, 2 ; merciful, tender, piteous, glorious.

*Line ii.*—Way, 17 ; path, 3 ; travels, 1 ; lot, course, journey, sojourn, weary, 4 ; bitter, 3 ; toilsome, thorny ; saving.

*Line iii.*—(*Deprecations*) lose, 12 ; forsake, 4 ; forget, spurn, destroy, damn ; (*petitions*) save, 5 ; spare, 4 ; keep, 3.

10. Quærens me, sedisti lassus :  
 Redemisti, crucem passus :  
 Tantus labor non sit cassus !



In the multitude of commentators there is not always certainty, though still it may be a bold thing to differ therefrom ; Daniel, for example, says, "procul dubio, tangit poeta locum Joann. 4: 6"; but I can hardly think that the reference in this observation is so narrow as simply to the sitting of our Lord on Jacob's well ; in what way did He seek us then more than at any other of His times of rest, unless it be said (which is hardly at present applicable) that it was the first extension of His mission beyond the Jews? Though these His times of rest may be perhaps, so to say, typified by the rest at Sychar, the allusion in the Hymn is surely to them all, follows on the *via* of the last verse, and taken together with that is as if a man should say, "all Thy journeys on earth were for me—even in Thy resting Thou soughtest me." It is true that among the translators only those who professedly write paraphrase have distinctly expressed the allusion so commonly supposed to exist ; but this fact that in a paraphrase it is brought out shows that it is usually imagined to be there. Drummond is altogether exceptional in apparently referring the line to the agony in Gethsemane—

" In search of me Thou full of pain  
Didst sweat blood, death on Cross sustain ;  
Let not these sufferings be in vain."<sup>4</sup>

On the other hand, many translators have given up altogether the idea of sitting or resting, and substituted either none at all, or else one identical with or akin to that of the last verse—in fact, exactly opposite to the true meaning, unless they took the various reading *venisti*.

It is indeed remarkable how very few, if any, versions can be found which give what I must still consider as the exact force of the original : perhaps all that can be said is that such an one as this, in itself good, may be thought not to exclude it—

" Weary satst Thou seeking me,  
Diedst redeeming on the tree ;  
Not in vain such labor be."

—MRS. CHARLES.

Other points which demand notice are that the force of *tantus* as "so great," labor, that is, such as that described, should not be

<sup>4</sup> One is almost tempted to think that there must be or have been a various reading *sudasti*, though then *sanguinem* would seem necessary ; but I can find no trace of it.

omitted, and that what is referred to in *crucem passus* is the actual crucifixion, as is plainly shown by *redemisti*.

The great beauty of Lord Macaulay's paraphrase must not be omitted:—

“ Though I plead not at Thy throne  
Aught that I for Thee have done,  
Do not Thou unmindful be  
Of what Thou hast borne for me,  
Of the wandering, of the scorn,  
Of the scourge and of the thorn.  
Jesus, hast Thou borne the pain,  
And hath all been borne in vain ? ”

The “ Bona Mors ” paraphrase represents part of this verse by a triplet with a very curious expression:—

“ In such dire anguish and distressful pain  
Angels did weep and *heart-broke rocks complain* :  
Thy labors were immense, O let them not be vain. ”

*Line i.*—Derivatives of to seek, 51 ; of to sit, 12 ; faint, 5 ; tired, 2 ; dreary.

*Line ii.*—Cross, 43 ; tree, 8.

*Line iii.*—Toil, 12 ; labor, 9 ; pain, 5 ; passion, 5 ; suffering, 4 ; anguish, 3 ; agony, 2 ; travail, 2 ; pangs, 2 ; vain, 23 ; fruitless, 7 ; wasted, 4 ; lost, 3 ; defeated, 2 ; crossed, 1.

## COMMENT ON THE “DIES IRAE.”

### STANZAS VII-X.

#### VII.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus ?

#### VII.

What shall I, wretched, then say,  
What patron (counsel ?) shall I entreat,  
When scarce the just shall be without anxiety ?

Is the poet borrowing the word *patronus* from ascetical or liturgical phraseology, or from that of the old Roman Law ? Mr. Warren strongly contends for the legal rather than the ascetical metaphor, for “ advocate ” or “ counsel ” rather than “ intercessor. ” If Mr. Nevin's assertion be correct, that in the criminal jurisprudence of the Middle Ages “ the prisoner was not



allowed to have counsel,"<sup>1</sup> and that the Hymn but presents a replica of the picture of a trial in those ages, when "the prisoner at the bar stood alone, without friends, without rights, without a cause," we shall be forced to interpret *patronus* as "intercessor," or "patron saint," or some such equivalent word or phrase. And indeed the context of the last two lines of the stanza would of itself support such a view; for we can understand the poet as saying: "When the saints themselves are not without anxiety, which one of them shall act as intercessor for me?" The real context of thought may, on the other hand, lie in the first and third line: "What counsel will take up the cause of a wretched sinner like myself, at a time when even holy souls are not without fear?"

Perhaps the poet had neither view exclusively in mind, and thought of the *patronus* as he was in the ordinary relations of life as much as in his relation of counsel or pleader for his client in the courts of Roman law; and the word "patron," as vaguely implying all of these relations even in English, may be the best word to use in translation. The real difficulty encountered by the translator scarcely lies, however, in the English rendering of the Latin *patronus*, so much as in the insistent temptation, suggested by the needs and, in this case, by the facilities, of rhyme, to use "intercede" in the second line (rhyming so beautifully—almost "inevitably"—with "plead" in the first and with "freed" or "need" in the third).

Mohnike favors *nec* instead of *vix* in the last line. *Nec* is the reading of the Mantuan and the Haemmerlin text. The meaning would be slightly altered by *nec*, and not for the better; for while there is an apparent strengthening of the argument, the strength is only apparent and not real, as the argument is not meant to be mathematical but rhetorical. To say that "the just shall not be without anxiety" on that day is not in reality as strong a contention as to say that "even the just shall scarce be without anxiety." Mohnike, however, thinks the poet but reflected the thought in Job (4: 18): "Behold they that serve him are not steadfast, and in his angels he found wickedness"; and again (*Ib.* 15: 15): "Behold among his saints none is unchangeable, and the heavens are not pure in his sight." Daniel rejects the

<sup>1</sup> See *Preface* to his little volume, p. 5.

reading *nec* and the arguments supporting it, and thinks we have only another illustration of the necessity under which a Latin hymnologist lies of becoming familiar with the Vulgate; for the line,

Cum vix justus sit securus,

is merely an echo of St. Peter's First Epistle (4: 18): "*Etsi justus quidem vix salvabitur, impius et peccator ubi comparebunt?*" ("And if the just man shall scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?") St. Anselm repeats the word: "*A dextris erunt peccata accusantia, a sinistris infinita daemonia, subtus horrendum chaos inferni, desuper judex iratus, foris mundus ardens, intus conscientia urens. Ibi vix justus salvabitur. Heu miser peccator sic deprehensus quo fugies? latere enim est impossibile, apparere intolerabile.*" ("At your right hand there shall be your accusing sins, at the left an infinite legion of demons, beneath your feet the frightful chaos of hell, in front of you the angry Judge, without you a world in flames, within you a conscience that burns. Then shall the just man scarcely be saved. Ah, miserable sinner thus surrounded, whither will you flee? for to lie hid is impossible, and to appear is intolerable.")

This stanza is the last of the three quoted by Goethe in *Faust*. In expression, it is marvellously condensed; in emotional quality, dramatic to the highest degree; poetically, it is one of the five flawless stanzas referred to by Saintsbury. In the Hymn, it is the bridge separating, or rather uniting, the epic and the lyric stanzas; for the first six stanzas describe the scene, while the remaining stanzas are wholly given up to the anguish of one of the multitude there present in spirit,—his cry of utter loneliness and friendlessness, his realization of the tremendous issues at stake, his appeal to the pity of that Christ who had sought for him with weary feet, who had borne for him the heavy weight of the Cross, who had suffered and died upon that Cross for the very culprit that now, in anticipation of that Day of Judgment, pleads before Him. This stanza begins the litany of supplication which has seemed like the universal "Cry of the Human" to its Judge and Saviour; and in the great "Book of Life" that shall be displayed at the Judgment, doubtless will be recorded the history of many a conversion to justice through the instrumentality of this very



picture of the "Day of Wrath." Occasionally we get glimpses of this power in the lives of men. Lockhart records of Sir Walter Scott, whose fragment of the Hymn leaves the regret that he did not complete a full rendering, that upon his death-bed he "very often" muttered verses of the *Dies Irae*: "Whatever we could follow him in was some fragment of the Bible, or some petition of the Litany, or a verse of some psalm in the old Scotch metrical version, or some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish (*sic*) ritual. We very often heard distinctly the cadences of the *Dies Irae*."

So, too, St. Alphonsus refers in his *Preparation for Death*<sup>2</sup> to the incident in the life of the Venerable Ancina (the Oratorian who as Bishop of Saluzzo died in the odor of sanctity) which proved the means of a complete change of calling for him. "Hearing the *Dies Irae* sung," says St. Alphonsus, "and reflecting on the terror of the soul when she shall be presented before the tribunal of Jesus Christ, the Venerable P. Juvenal Ancina took, and afterwards executed the resolution of forsaking the world." The incident is narrated more fully in Bacci's *Life of the Venerable Servant of God* (Rome, 1671). Ancina had studied at the University of Turin, had taken with distinction his degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Medicine, and had been practising his profession with great success before this vivid realization of the Judgment Day so touched his heart as to cause him to dedicate his whole energies to the more perfect calling of the religious life. The true turning-points of life are not often recognized as such, and are less often chronicled by biographers. The literary history of the Hymn is very incomplete; but we may well conjecture that if it were written the record would be a marvellous one.

The power of the Hymn over the hearts of our separated brethren is evidenced, not alone in the large number of recorded versions made into German<sup>3</sup> and English, but by the formal

<sup>2</sup> Consideration xxiv, First Point.

<sup>3</sup> The first recorded version into German was that of Martin von Cochem, 1613. Like the earlier English versions, it is not in the metre of the original Latin:

(*Catholic Hymn Book, Munich, 1613.*)

An jenem Tag, nach David's Sag,  
Soll Gottes Zorn erbrinnen:  
Durch Feuer's Flamm, muss allesamm  
Gleichwie das Wachs zerrinnen.

estimates given of its power and the literary uses made of it. "Frederick von Meyer, a Senator of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and author of a revision of Luther's German Bible, in introducing two original translations of the *Dies Irae*, calls it 'an awful poem, poor in imagery, all feeling. Like a hammer it beats the human breast with three mysterious rhyme-strokes. With the unfeeling person who can read it without terror, or hear it without awe, I would not live under one roof. I wish it could be sounded into the ears of the impenitent and hypocrites every Ash Wednesday, or Good Friday, or any other day of humiliation and prayer in all the churches.'" <sup>4</sup> Schaff also quotes from Victor Cousin, the celebrated French philosopher: "The *Dies Irae*, recited only, produces the most terrible effect. In those fearful words, every blow tells, so to speak; each word contains a distinct sentiment, an idea at once profound and determinate. The intellect advances at each step, and the heart rushes on in its turn." <sup>5</sup> Goethe's introduction of a few lines of the Hymn into *Faust*, and Sir Walter Scott's fragment in the *Lay* are sufficiently famous. The hymn seems to have impressed Scott very much. "Tantus labor non sit cassus," he quotes in a letter to Bunsen, in reference to the

The earliest translation in the original metre appears to be that of Andraeas Gryphius, 1659 :

Zorntag ! Tag, der, was wir ehren,  
Wird durch schnelle Glut zerstören,  
Wie Sibyll und Petrus lehren.

Schaff (who, in his *Literature and Poetry*, pp. 173-182, gives nearly fifty illustrative quotations from as many versions into German, and adds two from his own pen) declares that the best among the German versions are those of Schlegel, Silbert, Bunsen, Knapp and Daniel. "But none of them has become so popular as the free reproduction in the old German hymn, 'Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit,' by Bartholomaeus Ringwaldt, 1582." The activity thus early begun received great stimulus, in Germany as in England, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Mohnike publishing (1824) specimens of 24 versions, while eight years later he was able to add 21 more to his list. In 1840 Lisco, in his monograph on the *Dies Irae*, gave 54 complete versions as well as a number of fragments; and three years later in his *Stabat Mater* gave in an appendix 17 additional versions. It is probable that the list would now rise to over 100, Schaff estimating, in 1890, that the number then was from 80 to 100. Just as the English list can boast such names as those of Crashaw, Dryden, Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay, so the German includes versions by Herder and A. W. von Schlegel.

<sup>4</sup> Schaff, p. 141.

<sup>5</sup> *Lectures on the True, the Beautiful and the Good*, p. 177.

German "War of Liberation" of 1813; and in a letter to Crabbe he remarks: "To my Gothic ear, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Irae*, and some of the other hymns of the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan; the one has the gloomy dignity of a Gothic church, and reminds us constantly of the worship to which it is dedicated; the other is more like a pagan temple, recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities." Lockhart tells us how, in his dying hours, he was distinctly overheard repeating frequently "the cadence of the *Dies Irae*." Like Goethe and Scott, Justinus Kerner, "the Swabian poet and mystic," introduced effectively the first two lines of the Hymn in his *Wahnsinnige Brüder*, to exhibit the awful power of the doom-foreboding cadences on hearts that have spurned heavenly things. James Clarence Mangan's translation is so exquisite, and is withal apparently so little known, that we may be pardoned for giving it entire in a footnote.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> THE FOUR IDIOT BROTHERS.

Dried, as 'twere, to skeleton chips,  
In the Madhouse found I four:  
From their white and shrivelled lips  
Cometh language never more.  
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother  
Gazes vacant on the other;

Till the midnight hour be come;  
Bristles then erect their hair,  
And their lips, all day so dumb,  
Utter slowly to the air:  
'*Dies irae, dies illa,*  
*Solvat saeculum in favilla.*'

Four bold brothers once were these,  
Riotous and reprobate,  
Whose rake-hellish revelries  
Terrified the more sedate.  
Ghostly guide and good adviser  
Tried in vain to make them wiser.

On his deathbed spake their sire—  
"Hear your father from his tomb!  
Rouse not GOD's eternal ire;  
Ponder well the day of doom,  
'*Dies irae, dies illa,*  
*Solvat saeculum in favilla.*'"

So spake he, and died: the Four  
All unmoved beheld him die.  
Happy he!—his labors o'er,  
He was ta'en to bliss on high,  
While his sons, like very devils  
Loosed from Hell, pursued their revels.

Still they courted each excess  
Atheism and Vice could dare;  
Ironhearted, feelingless,  
Not a hair of theirs grew grayer.  
"Live," they cried, "while life en-  
ables!

GOD and devil alike are fables!"

Once at midnight, as the Four  
Riotously reeled along,  
From an open temple-door  
Streamed a flood of holy song,  
"Cease, ye hounds, your yelling noises!"  
Cried the devil by their voices.

Through the temple vast and dim  
Goes the unhallowed greeting, while  
Still the singers chant their hymn.  
Hark! it echoes down the aisle—  
'*Dies irae, dies illa,*  
*Solvat saeculum in favilla.*'



## VIII.

Rex tremendae majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis.

## VIII.

King of awful majesty,  
Who savest freely those who are to be  
saved,  
Save me, fount of loving pity.

An interesting addition to the literary history of the Hymn is furnished us anent this eighth stanza by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, editor of Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, in his treatment of the *Dies Irae*: "Carlyle shows us the Romanticist tragedian Werner quoting the eighth stanza in his strange 'last testament,' as his reason for having written neither a defence nor an accusation of his life: 'With trembling I reflect that I myself shall first learn in its whole terrific compass what I properly was, when these lines shall be read by men; that is to say, in a point of time which for me will be no time; in a condition in which all experience will for me be too late:

'Rex tremendae majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis!!!'

Mr. Warren notes that the simplicity of the English "tremendous" as a rendering of the Latin *tremendae* seems to have proved too great an attraction for translators, who forget that the English connotations of "tremendous" are not exactly those of *tremendae*. Yet the word can not be easily rendered into English,—such words as "fearful" and "awful," which might literally translate it, having acquired colloquially a most trivial meaning; while such a phrase as "to-be-feared" would never answer the

On the instant, stricken as  
By the wrath of GOD they stand,  
Each dull eyeball fixed like glass,  
Mute each eye, unnerved each hand,  
Blanched their hair and wan their features,  
Speechless, mindless, idiot creatures!  
And now, dried to skeleton chips,  
In the Mad-cell sit the Four,  
Moveless:—from their blasted lips

Cometh language never more.  
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother  
Gazes vacant on the other;  
Till the midnight hour be come;  
Bristles then erect their hair,  
And their lips, all day so dumb,  
Utter slowly to the air:  
"*Dies irae, dies illa,*  
*Solvet saeculum in favilla.*"

Mangan was a half-mystic himself, and the poem of Kerner must have moved him to seek special vividness in this translation. As was Mangan's custom, he everywhere writes the name of GOD in capitals.

necessities of rhythm, metre, condensation of phrase, or perhaps of rhyme.

The second line—

Qui salvandos salvas gratis—

has given trouble theologically to more than one translator and commentator, quite apart from its crucial demands upon the flexibility of English phraseology in the rendering of *salvandos*,—"those-who-are-to-be-saved." "There seems to be no utility," thinks Mr. Orby Shipley, "in treating of the dogmatic question which underlies the language of the eighth triplet in connection with the words *Qui salvandos salvas gratis*. This line has considerably exercised certain Protestant translators; but it is no concern of ours. We may be well content with the sanction for the orthodoxy of Thomas of Celano's theology which is afforded by the adoption of his hymn by the Catholic Church." Either very little or very much must indeed be said by anyone who undertakes to treat of "election." Briefly it may be said that by corresponding with grace we may merit additional grace; but it remains nevertheless true that, as Cardinal Manning somewhere says, we must confront the great fact that God holds in His own hands the first and last links in the chain of salvation—Baptism and Final Perseverance—the former of which we can in no wise merit, and the latter only *de congruo*; for history seems to concur with theology in the sad reflection of Cardinal Newman:—

"The white-haired saint may fail at last,  
The surest guide a wanderer prove;  
Death only binds us fast  
To the great shore of love!"

But while the grace of final perseverance is in the strictest sense a gratuitous gift of God; while, that is to say, we may not merit such a grace *de condigno* or as something proportioned to the good works we shall have performed,—still, we can merit it *de congruo* or as something which the mercy of Christ may accord to works which, juridically considered, have no such legal reward. And so the immortal Hymn reminds us that we should appeal to the "sweet pity of Christ":

Salva me, fons pietatis!

It is somewhat curious to notice, in this connection, that the last stanza of Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul," sounds almost like a translation of

Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis.

The last four lines run :

"Thou of life the Fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of Thee :  
Spring Thou up within my heart ;  
Rise to all eternity."

On the other hand, Augustus Toplady, whose Calvinism was so fiercely arrayed against the Arminianism of Wesley, seemed to have gained the day polemically in the mere writing of the famous hymn *Rock of Ages*. "Nothing in my hand I bring" is not, it is needless to say, the Catholic idea of meriting *de congruo* :

"Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

The "fons pietatis" appears again here, as in Wesley's hymn ; and both may have had in mind the great line of the *Dies Irae*. The Catholic will have, however, a different thought from Toplady's in singing the *Dies Irae* verse. Gladstone translated the *Rock of Ages* into Latin in the style of the mediæval poets. The above stanza runs in his version :

"Nil in manu mecum fero,  
Sed me versus crucem gero ;  
Vestimenta nudus oro,  
Opem debilis imploro ;  
Fontem Christi quaero immundus,  
Nisi laves, moribundus."

It is a strange, but withal an interesting fact, to record in this connection, that in the Appendix to the American edition of Father Caswall's *Lyra Catholica*,<sup>7</sup> the *Rock of Ages* should have been printed entire, with the first line of Gladstone's version into

<sup>7</sup> New York : Edward Dunigan and Brother. 1851. P. 349.



Latin as a heading or title (as though the hymn were a translation from the Latin): *Jesus pro me perforatus*. The prepossession in the mind of the Catholic compiler that the hymn was merely an English rendering of a Latin hymn probably forbade an adverse interpretation of the non-Catholic sentiment of the line: "Nothing in my hand I bring." It is true, of course, that after we shall have done all things commanded, we should, as our Saviour warns us, account ourselves "unprofitable servants;" and there is therefore a true sense in which the Catholic may humbly declare:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;"

but that sense is scarcely Toplady's meaning in the two lines of his famous hymn.

Speaking of this eighth stanza of the *Dies Irae*, the Protestant Mr. Hutton, one of its translators, wrote in the *London Spectator* (March 7, 1868):—

"This tense and majestic and intense verse is the very key of the whole hymn. It is an individual appeal on the part of an individual soul which has been following up slowly the whole train of thought connected with the scene in which it will have to play a part. And thus realizing that Christ's will to save is his only hope, the writer goes on to draw out a personal appeal to Christ why He should not lose even this single grain of His possible harvest. Was it not Christ's love for each individual sinner that brought Him down from heaven to earth; that moved Him to wander over the earth, where He had nowhere to lay His head; that inspired Him, when He sat weary by the well of Samaria; that led Him to bear His cross and endure His passion? Should such acts as these fail of their effect, even in the case of the worst of sinners who desires to be saved? The writer hopes nothing from his own prayers, but much from the love shown in the pardon of such sinners as Mary Magdalene and the thief upon the cross. The whole tenor of the hymn is one of personal appeal, of loving devotion, of humble contrition. When it is grandest, it is sweetest and contains least of physical imagery."

Mr. Hutton is in so far correct that the final appeal is to be made to the love of Christ; but such an appeal presupposes something on the part of the penitent:

Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
 Culpa rubet vultus meus—  
 Supplicanti parce, Deus !

The culprit must acknowledge his guilt, bewail his fault, and ask for pardon.

## IX.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
 Quod sum causa tuæ viæ :  
 Ne me perdas illa die.

## IX.

Remember, loving Jesus,  
 That for me Thou camest on earth :  
 Lose me not upon that day.

The difficulty which Mr. Warren has with the rendering of *pie* by some such word as "loving," "sweet," "gentle," is not easily intelligible. He fears the suggestion, in such words, of too great familiarity with the infinite majesty of God; and he quotes with apparent approbation the "words of solemn warning" uttered by an annotator of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*: "God infinitely condescends, man must not infinitely presume." On the other hand, however, we must not forget that the loving effusiveness of Italian hearts—and the hymn is undoubtedly Italian in authorship—is the opposite pole of that legal and academic phraseology which, in English prayers, makes the soul seem to "memorialize" the Almighty, as Cardinal Wiseman acutely observes in his discussion of "Prayers." Besides, the whole Catholic attitude in prayer is one of pious familiarity with the Infinite,—not through a spirit of presumption, but through that "spirit of adoption of sons, whereby we cry Abba (Father)," as St. Paul so encouragingly has it (Rom. 8: 15). In addition to all this, it is to be noted that the Hymn has turned away, in the progress of its thought, from the engrossing picture of the stern and unrelenting Judge, to recall the picture of the loving Saviour, to whom the suppliant now appeals by all that marvellous excess of love and pity manifested in the life of Christ on earth. The Catholic, in short, belongs to the "household of the faith"; God is his Father; Christ is his Brother; Mary is his Mother; he is living "at home," and he enjoys the privilege of respectful familiarity with those of the household.

In the tender appeal which this stanza makes to the mercy and love of Christ, there lies a complete refutation of all such utterances as that of Lord Lindsay, who, while he pays the Hymn

the tribute of translation in his *Sketches of the History of Christian Art* (1847), takes occasion in the preface of that work to describe the wonderful Sequence as "expressive of the feelings of dread and almost of despair, with which Christians of the Middle Ages—taught to look on Christ as Jehovah, rather than the merciful Mediator through whose atoning Blood and all-sufficient merits the sinner is reconciled to his Maker—looked forward to the consummation of all things." But Lord Lindsay must have forgotten many hymnological treasures—not to speak of other religious monuments—of the Middle Ages, before he could pen such a statement concerning the Christians of those days. For instance, there is the exquisite and most pathetic hymn of St. Bernard—the *Jesu dulcis memoria*—which the Protestant Schaff calls "the sweetest and most evangelical hymn of the Middle Ages," and whose 200 lines are full of the "subjective loveliness" (to quote a phrase of the Anglican hymnologist, Dr. Neale) of that great saint. And he must also have forgotten the direct address by the same tender saint to each member of Christ's suffering Body, in the still longer hymn *Salve mundi Salutare*,—a hymn which has been a source of prolific inspiration to the most beautiful of Protestant hymns, such as the famous paraphrase of Paul Gerhardt. He must have forgotten the Eucharistic hymns of St. Thomas Aquinas, the *Recordare sanctae Crucis* of St. Bonaventure, and—not to continue a list which could be swelled out to vast limits to illustrate the fact that the Christians of the Middle Ages looked on Christ as the Mediator and not, as Lord Lindsay suggests, as the Jewish Jehovah—the *Ad perennis vitae fontem* of St. Peter Damian, which looks forward to the consummation of all things not "with feelings of dread and almost despair," but even "as the hart panteth after the fountains of waters":—

Ad perennis vitae fontem mens sitivit arida ;  
 Claustra carnis praesto frangi clausa quaerit anima ;  
 Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur exul frui patria.

"My thirsty heart hath panted for the fountain of everlasting life. My soul would break forthwith through this prison of flesh—it spreads its wings, it beats the bars, it struggles to break through its cage, poor exile, to gain its native skies." Is this Lord Lindsay's "dread and almost despair"? And yet the day



of liberation contemplated by the saint is the day of that "particular judgment" which shall be but ratified at the Last Assize. More directly contradictory of his thesis concerning the "feelings of dread and almost despair," however, is the long poem of the twelfth century from which we have already quoted some verses.<sup>8</sup> From a part of it dealing directly with the Last Judgment some stanzas were selected by Mrs. Charles for translation in *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*, which present us with the joyful aspect of that Day. Although her rendering does not follow the exact order of the original Latin, the poem is of such interest to us in this connection, both as illustrating the *Dies Irae* and as refuting the contention of Lord Lindsay, that we shall print her version here, and place opposite to it the appropriate stanzas from the Latin original :—

Dies illa, dies vitae,  
Dies lucis inauditae,  
Qua nox omnis destruetur  
Et mors ipsa morietur.

Appropinquat enim dies  
In qua iustis erit quies,  
Qua cessabunt persequentes,  
Et regnabunt patientes.

Ecce rex desideratus  
Et a iustis expectatus  
Jam festinat exoratus  
Ad salvandum prae paratus.

O quam pium, o quam gratum,  
Quam suave, quam beatum  
Erit tunc Jesum videre  
His, qui eum dilexere !

O quam dulce, quam jocundum  
Erit tunc odisse mundum,  
Et quam triste, quam amarum  
Mundum habuisse carum.

O beati tunc lugentes  
Et pro Christo patientes,  
Quibus saeculi pressura  
Regna dat semper mansura.

Lo ! the day, the day of life,  
The day of unimagined light,  
The day when death itself shall die,  
And there shall be no more night.

Steadily that day approacheth  
When the just shall find their rest,  
When the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages,  
By the just expected long ;  
Long implored, at length He hasteth,  
Cometh with salvation strong.

Oh, how past all utterance happy,  
Sweet and joyful it will be  
When they who, unseen, have loved Him,  
Jesus face to face shall see.

In that day how good and pleasant,  
This poor world to have despised ;  
And how mournful and how bitter,  
Dear that lost world to have prized.

Blessed then earth's patient mourners,  
Who for Christ have toiled and died,  
Driven by the world's rough pressure  
In those mansions to abide.

<sup>8</sup> See THE DOLPHIN for January, p. 51.

Ibi jam non erit metus,  
Neque luctus, neque fletus,  
Non egestas, non senectus,  
Nullus denique defectus.

Ibi pax erit perennis  
Et laetitia solennis,  
Flos et decus juventutis  
Et perfectio salutis.

Nemo potest cogitare  
Quantum erit exultare,  
Tunc in coelis habitare  
Et cum angelis regnare.

Ad hoc regnum me vocare,  
Juste Judex, tunc dignare,  
Quem exspecto, quem requiro,  
Ad quem avidus suspiro.

There shall be no sighs nor weeping,  
Not a shade of doubt or fear,  
No old age, no want, nor sorrow,  
Nothing sick or lacking there.

There the peace will be unbroken,  
Deep and solemn joy be shed ;  
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,  
And Salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture  
None can dream and none can tell,  
There to reign among the Angels,  
In that heavenly home to dwell.

To those realms, just Judge, oh call me,  
Deign to open that blest gate,  
Thou whom seeking, looking, longing,  
I with eager hope await.

These stanzas present the joyful aspect of the Day of Judgment ; but the poem nevertheless deals also, as it should, with the unhappy lot of the condemned souls :

O quam grave, quam immite  
A sinistris erit : Ite !  
Cum a dextris : Vos venite !  
Dicet rex, largitor vitae.

Ibi flammis exuretur  
Et a vermibus rodetur,  
Ab angustis angetur,  
Qui salvari non meretur, etc.

It is unnecessary to illustrate further ; for it is clear by this time that the mediæval mind saw in the Day of Judgment its terrors, indeed (as Christ would have all Christians, of whatever age, contemplate those terrors), but could also see its blessed joys,—could in spirit "look up" and see that their redemption was at hand.

It is strange that anyone should, in the face of such hymnological demonstrations as those we have referred to (and they form but a slight portion of the testimony that could easily be adduced), arraign the Middle Ages for ascetical harshness. It is strange, too, that the *Dies Irae* should be the text chosen for such comment as : "Taught to look on Christ as Jehovah rather than the merciful Mediator whose atoning Blood," etc. This generalization of the *Dies Irae* into a sweeping arraignment of the Middle Ages would be a piece of very poor logic, even were the logic based on a correct analysis of the great Sequence. But what could be more "evangelical" than the *Dies Irae* itself?

Recordare, Jesu pie  
Quod sum causa tuæ viae—

what is this but an appeal to Christ? not as the terrible Jehovah of the Old Law, but as the loving Mediator of the New Law, whose atoning Blood was made a possibility by the Incarnation, as expressly alluded to in the line:

Quod sum causa tuæ viae?

And from this stanza until the end of the Hymn we find nothing but an elaboration of this one thought. "The atoning Blood and all-sufficient merits" of our Saviour appear in the next stanza:

Quærens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti crucem passus :  
Tantus labor non sit cassus !—

where the singer makes the very point that he has been purchased—*redemisti*—by the Blood shed upon the Cross for him. *Redemisti*,—Christ has not merely purchased the sinner: He has redeemed him, has paid the ransom necessary, has paid it completely; and the appeal is now to that love of Christ for the sinner, to the end that what has been so dearly bought may not be lost again:

Tantus labor non sit cassus !

And where are the "feelings of dread and almost of despair" in the stanza which chronicles the forgiveness shown to the "sinful woman" who in the Hymn is called Mary, and the mercy granted to the "penitent thief,"—instances of mercy on which the singer bases, not despair, but an explicit hope?

Mihi quoque spem dedisti !

The simple truth is that the hymnody of the Middle Ages, so replete with exquisite and direct allusions to the saving power of the Cross, demonstrates the very opposite thesis to that of Lord Lindsay, whose generalization, however, is shared by other similarly hasty reasoners; and if this were the place to do it, and if space sufficed, a very interesting paper might be constructed of merely hymnodal—not to speak of other sources of illustration—tributes to the fact we assert. With respect to the *Dies Irae*, we have shown that the Hymn of Judgment itself was made by its author to pay such a tribute. The Protestant Dr. Schaff recog-



nizes this fact when he says:<sup>9</sup> "The feeling of terror occasioned by that event (*i. e.*, the Judgment) culminates in the cry of repentance, ver. 7: 'Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,' etc.; but from this the poet rises at once to the prayer of faith, and takes refuge from the wrath to come in the infinite mercy of Him who suffered nameless pain for a guilty world, who pardoned the sinful Magdalene, and saved the dying robber."

## X.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti crucem passus :  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

## X.

Seeking me Thou sattest weary ;  
Redeemedst me, suffering the cross ;  
Be not so-great a labor vain.

While the idea of resting (*sedisti*) during the long journey (*via* of the preceding stanza) is typical, as Mr. Warren is inclined to allow, of all the restings of Jesus, still there can be little doubt that the poet had in mind the exquisitely touching picture of our Lord resting by Jacob's Well, and awaiting the Samaritan woman. "Jesus, being wearied with his journey, sat thus at the well" (John 4: 6). And St. Augustine comments: "Not in vain was Jesus wearied. . . . Jesus was wearied with the journey for your sake." Jesus was indeed wearied "seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The Sacred Humanity of Christ is presented here with such an appealing weakness as to touch every heart to pity and love. Dr. Johnson could not repeat the stanza *Quaerens me sedisti lassus* without shedding tears; and his emotion must be shared by all in some measure. Turning from the content of the stanza to its mere form, we meet "the climax of verbal harmony" of the five flawless stanzas beginning with *Judex ergo cum sedebit*. "The climax of verbal harmony," says Mr. Saintsbury,<sup>10</sup> "corresponding to and expressing religious passion and religious awe, is reached in the last,

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti crucem passus :  
Tantus labor non sit cassus !—

where the sudden change from the dominant *e* sounds (except in the rhyme foot) of the first two lines to the *a*'s of the last is simply miraculous, and miraculously assisted by what may be called the

<sup>9</sup> *Christ in Song*, p. 373.

<sup>10</sup> *Flourishing of Romance*, p. 10.

internal sub-rhyme of *sedisti* and *redemisti*. This latter effect can rarely be attempted without a jingle: there is no jingle here, only an ineffable melody. After the *Dies Irae*, no poet could say that any effect of poetry was, as far as sound goes, unattainable, though few could have hoped to equal it, and perhaps no one except Dante and Shakespeare has fully done so." It is indeed interesting to listen to so eminent a critic praising in such apparently unmeasured terms a great mediæval hymn with which Catholics become so familiar from early childhood as to lose, perhaps, a sufficiently keen appreciation of its many and marvellous excellences.

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### THE SOUL OF OLD JAPAN.<sup>1</sup>

A STUDY at once more timely and more attractive has seldom offered itself than that lately furnished by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in his "Interpretation" (tentative as this professedly is) of the inner life of Japan.

So far as this is possible to a Western, the writer has learned to see with the eyes, hear with the ears, and think with the brain, of the Far East; and the object of this, the final work of his life, is on the one hand to indicate the breadth of the gulf by which this ancient world lies sundered from us; and on the other to explain as far as may be how so great a gulf has come to be.

It would be impossible without voluminous extracts to do justice to the suggestion of archaic charm with which the opening chapter abounds. "The Calling of the East" which here greets us is the voice of a past already old when history and literature were young. Many people, observes the writer, would be delighted, were it only possible, to step backwards into time and find themselves living for a while in the beautiful vanished world of Greek culture; but even could they do so, the privilege, archæologically speaking, would be by no means so great as that which the present still offers us in the existing life of Japan; for

<sup>1</sup> *Japan—An Attempt at Interpretation.* By Lafcadio Hearn. New York and London; Macmillan & Co. 1904.

the conditions here are both older and psychologically much further removed from those of the Western world than anything which classical antiquity would have to show us.

The peculiar freshness and simplicity of Japanese existence is, we are here told, what first strikes the Western visitor, the thing which next assails him being a sense of its utter strangeness—a strangeness which produces a sort of uncanny thrill, as at the touch of something totally unfamiliar.

“ You find yourself moving through queer, small streets, full of odd small people, wearing robes and sandals of extraordinary shape. . . . The houses are constructed and furnished in ways alien to your experience. In the shops are displayed food-stuffs of unimaginable derivation,—utensils of enigmatic form ; emblems incomprehensible of some mysterious belief ; strange masks and toys commemorating legends of gods and demons ;—everywhere on signs and hangings, and on the backs of people passing by, you will observe wonderful Chinese characters. Further acquaintance with this fantastic world (rendered even more fantastic now by an incongruous intermixture of telephones, typewriters, electric lights, and sewing machines) will in nowise diminish the sense of its strangeness. . . . You will soon observe that even the physical actions of the people are unfamiliar,—their work seems always done in ways opposite to Western ways. The blacksmith squats at his anvil ; the carpenter pulls instead of pushing his extraordinary plane and saw. The left-side is ever the right, and the right-side the wrong.”

Not only do the Japanese “ speak backwards, read backwards, and write backwards,” but it appears they think backwards also. “ Their ideas are not our ideas,—their sentiments are not our sentiments, their ethical life represents for us regions of thought and emotion, as yet unexplored, or rather perhaps long forgotten.

. . . Could you learn all the words in a Japanese dictionary, your acquisition would not help you in the least to make yourself understood in speaking, unless you had also learnt to think like a Japanese as well ; to think, that is to say, in directions totally foreign to Aryan habit. While to be able to use the Japanese tongue as a Japanese uses it, one would have to be born again,—to have one’s mind completely reconstructed from the foundation upwards.”

The impression made on a stranger to begin with is, in short, that of a kind of pixie-folk, as unrelated to himself as might be the inhabitants of another planet ; and it is only by and by that the discovery dawns on him that in setting foot on Japanese soil he has traversed not space only, but time as well ; and has been



transported back across perished centuries, into something as ancient as Egypt or Nineveh, something in its essence coeval probably with the dawn of neolithic life.

It is with the key to this remote survival that Mr. Hearn has here endeavored to supply us.

"Shintō"—"The way of the Gods," in other words *ancestor worship*, has, he tells us, supplied both the immemorial religion of Japan, and also the core or framework around which the whole mental and moral growth of Japanese society has taken place. To understand anything of the latter therefore is impossible, unless we first gain some idea of the former.

To the mind of Japan, as of other Mongoloid peoples, the link between the visible and invisible world lies in the special connection assumed as existing between the living and the dead. Of all religious conceptions this is perhaps the most primitive; and it has at any rate furnished to a great extent the religious subsoil everywhere. But while in most cases it has been either destroyed, or relegated to a subordinate place, by the later growths of civilization, its continued supremacy both in Japan and China in combination with elaborate culture-forms remains a unique phenomenon. To this "Cult of the Dead" Mr. Hearn devotes one of his most interesting chapters.

Wherever ancestor worship has remained persistent, it will be found, he says, to involve three distinct beliefs; these are:—

(1) That the dead remain in the world, sharing invisibly in the life of their descendants.

(2) That through disembodiment, the dead have become possessed of superhuman powers.

(3) That although the dead are thus in a position to work good or evil to the living, it is yet on the living that they themselves remain in their turn dependent for whatever comfort and happiness their spirit-life admits of.

The honor of sepulchral rites, the shelter of a fitting tomb, daily offering of fire, and food, and drink—these are the things each spirit craves, and for which it has to look to the piety of its living representatives. Should they be withheld, it will suffer thirst, and cold, and hunger; and being angered, will act malevolently toward those who have neglected it; fitting care and

reverent tendance on the other hand are enough to secure its watchful and constant aid.

Ancestor worship in its more primitive stages has always centered about the tomb; while ancestor worship as a domestic, or hearth-cult, begins on the contrary with a settled civilization. So far as Japan is concerned, ancestor worship in this latter stage was introduced into it from China about 700 A.D.; and in this stage it still retains its place as the dominant religious force.

Its observances are simple and cheerful. Its altar is the "spirit-shelf," which is fixed against the wall in every Japanese dwelling, and supports a shrine containing little pieces of white wood, shaped like tombstones, and inscribed, each with the name of a deceased member of the family. These are the "ancestral tablets";—"spirit sticks" or "spirit substitutes," as they are also sometimes called. It is within these, not, as in more primitive times, within the tomb, that the departed are supposed mainly to localize themselves; and it is before them, therefore, that the shrine lamp is kindled, offerings of food and drink daily set, and the morning and evening greeting spoken, in acknowledgment of favors received.

The dead are the givers of life and wealth, the makers and teachers of the present. The attitude of the living toward them should be, it is held, one of reverential regard. The "Superior Ones," the "Higher Ones," the "August Ones," are the titles by which they are distinguished; and they on their part, made happy by receiving their dues, are supposed to watch from their shrines over the welfare of their descendants, to see and hear all that passes in the house, and to rejoice in the warmth and light which the living diffuse around them.

A religion calm and reposeful, it may be said; free alike from the higher lights and deeper shadows of the supernatural; but yet a religion which has shown itself a strangely compelling one, generating an "other-worldliness" which has found expression in a culture and character-type, both of them highly peculiar, and producing in certain directions admirable practical results.

*Yamato Damashi*, "The Soul of Old Japan," is the poetical name given to this special Japanese character-type, the more immediately striking features of which, according to Mr. Hearn, are

its phenomenal kindness and joyousness. "Everybody greets everybody with happy looks and pleasant words. Faces are always smiling. The commonest incidents of everyday life are transfigured by courtesy, at once artless and faultless." So spontaneous an altruism indeed seems to rule everywhere that we are inclined to think we must have struck a reef of morally superior humanity, and it comes almost as a shock when we discover that even in this Arcadia the ubiquitous law of survival has been at work and that among its results must be reckoned the above-mentioned exuberant growth of virtues which may be specially characterized as social ones.

Long pressure, exerted always in the same direction, has been without doubt the immediate agent here; but it is in the influence of the Shintō religion, the "gospel" of the Cult of the Dead, that the force behind this pressure has really to be sought. For "the one thing needful" which Shintō recognizes for everyone, is the maintenance, for his own benefit, of his own cult after death; and this cult being, as it is, emphatically a group or family cult, the maintenance of the group or family becomes in consequence for every member of it, the one thing needful also. Altruism, the reversal, that is, of the ordinary law of self-love, thus shows itself as having been in the first instance a product of pure egoism; but the ideal so engendered being one which under the accumulating influence of law, custom, and opinion, would tend to become habitual, it is just such a suppression as has taken place of qualities tending mainly to individual prosperity, and a fostering of those favorable to communal well-being, which might be expected as its natural consequence. In any case, however, no matter what the cause may be, the difference between Japanese and Western ethics is a wide one;—as wide indeed as common human nature will accommodate; and it is only when we bear this in mind that the unlikenesses, and still more the superficial likenesses, between the West and the Far East, can be studied with any sort of profit.

Mr. Hearn devotes considerable space to this point; particularly to the curiously minute resemblances which are offered by the so-called feudalism of Japan, to the feudalism of Western Europe. The likeness here he defines as being purely a *homologic* one,—



such a likeness only as might be possible between an endogen and an exogen, a tree-fern and an oak. For just as the relation between the root, trunk, and branches of an oak, is a structural and organic one, so was the relation of class to class, under the European feudal system, structural and organic likewise, the aggregate of self-sufficing class units, gathered beneath the feudalism of Japan, having been on the contrary, like the fronds of a palm or a fern, only connected with one another through insertion in a common stock. The conditioned individualism in whose exercise there lie the progressive forces of the present is the offspring of Western feudalism; while sheltered under the feudalism of the Far East was the primitive communism which remains permanent for so long only as it represses an individual enterprise. Says our author:—

“Those who write to-day about the extraordinary capacity of the Japanese for organization; and about the ‘democratic’ spirit of the people, as a proof of their fitness for representative government in the Western sense, mistake appearances for reality. The truth is, that the extraordinary capacity of the Japanese for communal organization, is the strongest possible evidence of their unfitness for any modern democratic form of government. Superficially, the difference between Japanese social organization and local self-government in the modern American or English colonial meaning of the term, appears slight; and we may justly admire the perfect self-discipline of a Japanese community. But the real difference between the two is fundamental—prodigious—measurable only by thousands of years. It is the difference between compulsory and free coöperation,—the difference between the most ancient form of communism, founded upon the most ancient form of religion, and the most highly evolved form of industrial union, with unlimited individual right of co-operation.” “There exists,” continues Mr. Hearn, “a popular error, to the effect that what we call communism and socialism in Western civilization, are modern growths; representing aspiration toward some perfect form of democracy. As a matter of fact, these movements represent reversion,—reversion toward the primitive condition of human society. Such self-government means a religious communistic despotism,—a supreme social tyranny, suppressing personality, forbidding enterprise, and making competition a public offence. Such self-government has its advantages;—it was perfectly adapted to the requirements of Japanese life, so long as the nation could remain isolated from the rest of the world. But it must be obvious that any society whose ethical traditions forbid the individual to profit at the cost of his fellow-men, will be placed at an enormous disadvantage when forced into the industrial struggle for existence, against communities whose government permits of the greatest possible personal freedom, and the widest range of competitive enterprise.”

It is in the comparison thus instituted that the drift, so far as it is a practical one, of the present volume really lies. Japanese

ethics, Japanese customs, Japanese government have all, like the faunas of long isolated regions, been produced by the elaboration of very primitive types. And their future, like the future of the kangaroo or the apteryx, must depend on their ability, under more stringent conditions of life, to hold their own.

Ages of repression and peculiar culture have gone to the production of the special Japanese type. Is it, or is it not, a type destined shortly to disappear?

There are trees in the gardens of certain Buddhist temples which have been trained and clipped for centuries together into all kinds of extraordinary shapes. Should one of these be abandoned to its natural tendencies, it would of course eventually, though by no means all at once, lose the form which has been imposed on it. Like such a tree, old Japanese society has been pruned and bent and bound. But now, though external restrictions have been removed, the reaction which might have been looked for toward freedom has not yet set in. Are there, or are there not, conservative forces built up within it which will enable it successfully to hold in check the struggle in the direction of individualism, which sooner or later cannot but take place? This is the question on whose answer the future, ethically speaking, of Japan must depend. It is not in the guns and ships of any other country, says Mr. Hearn in conclusion, that the worst danger to the "Soul of Old Japan" really lies. The enemy it mainly has to fear is the introduction of American and European capital. Japan for her own purposes has mastered and utilized the learning and methods of the West in a way which has made her the astonishment of every other people. Is she destined to assimilate the Western spirit as well? Or may she not possibly, trusting instead to her old traditions and her own spirit, succeed in keeping her own independent course, and in fashioning for herself, and in her own way, her own national future?

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## LEX AMANDI.

## THE PASSION FOR PERFECTION.

There is no beauty in Him . . . that we should be desirous of Him.

—Isa. 53: 2.

## THE GOD-MAN.

BEAUTY is the symbol of physical perfection; Love alone expresses perfection in the soul. Beauty seems created for display; Love flies from discovery as if discovery meant death. Discovered beauty seems to droop with that languor which is the first presage of decay; beauty displayed loses the very charm that made it beauty, for boldness disfigures utterly its claim to perfection, and stamps it with a defect which must in time prove its complete undoing.

The fate of such beauty is told under Ezechiél's marvellous figure of the Cedar of Libanus, the symbol of all physical perfection, "with fair branches, and full of leaves, of a high stature, and his top was elevated among the thick boughs. . . . The cedars in the paradise of God were not higher than he; the fir trees did not equal his top; neither were the plane trees to be compared with him for branches; *no tree in the paradise of God was like him in his beauty;*" and the prototype of all worldly success and power and greatness. "The waters nourished him, the deep set him up on high, the streams thereof ran round about his roots, and it sent forth its rivulets to all the trees of the country, . . . his branches were multiplied, . . . and all the fowls of the air made their nests in his boughs, and all the beasts of the forest brought forth their young under his branches, and the assembly of many nations dwelt under his shadow. And he was most beautiful for his greatness, and for the spreading of his branches: *for his root was near great waters.* . . . And all the trees of pleasure in the paradise of God envied him."<sup>1</sup>

This is the prophet's symbol of him who from the beginning was the ravisher and destroyer of God's chosen people; the foe against whom were directed those terrible maledictions which rang through the tents and courts and temples of Israel when its

<sup>1</sup> Ezechiél 31.



people lay prostrate under the spell of his beauty and the thrill of his power. This is the glittering Assyrian, type of all worldly greatness and beauty and power; terrible in the fascination of his falsehood; hideous in his revealed corruption, and pride, and weakness,—the historic contradiction to the belief that strength is rooted in physical force, and that success is perpetuated by success. Him did God use as the very “rod and staff of His anger” to teach Israel the folly of such belief, and to show them the terrible defeat that awaits those who defy the omnipotent strength of the Spirit by the puny threats of mere physical power. This is a Scriptural illustration of the eternal conflict between spirit and flesh, symbolized in figures that thrill with an awful significance. There is no wickedness named here but the wickedness of being great and strong and beautiful, *to the limit of physical perfection*; but being nothing beyond that limit, or rather, being all within that limit which such a circumscribed existence would inevitably lead to,—“the fruit of the proud heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of the haughtiness of his eyes.”<sup>2</sup> Here, too, is described the fatal delusion by which the *consciousness* of power, the physical sensation of strength blinds the very common sense and reason of the proud-hearted: “Shall the axe boast itself against him that cutteth with it? or shall the saw exalt itself against him by whom it is drawn? as if a rod should lift itself up against him that lifteth it up, and a staff exalt itself, which is but wood?”<sup>3</sup> The very madness of the delusion is mocked at as the pride mounts higher and higher and success o’ertops success. Each phase of it is traced from that first intoxication with the sense of power which uttered its vain boasts like a man full of new wine: “By the strength of my own hand I have done it, and by my own wisdom I have understood: and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have taken the spoils of the princes, and as a mighty man hath pulled down them that sat on high,”<sup>4</sup> upward to those dizzy heights toward which the blinded victim climbs, till that very pinnacle is reached whose measure is set not one degree higher or lower than the judgment that awaits it, has decreed. And the only condition that can accomplish this judgment is pride’s attainment of this same degree of exaltation, which is its

<sup>2</sup> Isa. 10: 12.<sup>3</sup> Isa. 10: 15.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 10: 13.

own measure of success—and *failure*. The fall of the Assyrian describes the very psychology of pride; and the relics of that fall yet lie upon the earth to mock the folly of those who still “go down to Egypt for help, trusting in horses, and putting strength in chariots, because they are many.”<sup>5</sup>

Since modern psychological research popularized knowledge regarding the phenomena of hypnotism it has become a common thing to attribute great public success to the power of personal magnetism, and to explain history's record of the great personal achievements of its heroes by this same secret of magnetic personality, consciously or unconsciously used to sway the wills and hearts of millions, and to enthrone itself upon the seats of the mighty. Doubtless the very foundations of the world have at times been shaken under the magic spell of personal power, the charm of personality vested in one single little worm of the earth; and history no doubt does present to us here and there the humiliating spectacle of millions of other worms of the earth grovelling before such a personality, or writhing under the irresistible fascination that is luring them to their ruin. Thus is the mystery of personality recorded in the world's history; and thus are we of a more enlightened age recording it still for the future, when we too yield ourselves up to the elemental impulse of human nature to prostrate itself before the dazzling power of personal greatness, and to forget in our abject admiration of physical perfection that we are foreswearing our birthright to a higher good than this. Such weakness is the strength of the Assyrian; it is the secret of his success: “My hand hath found the strength of the people as a nest; and as eggs are gathered . . . so have I gathered all the earth: and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or made the least noise.”<sup>6</sup>

This is the ancient story of worldly power: strength founded in oppression; this is the secret of worldly success: triumph built upon delusion; perfection with its foot upon its rival's neck. And this is the simple solution of the mystery of personal magnetism, whose inherent strength is operative only through others' inherent weakness. It has no foe while it has no fear; but fear tracks its footsteps like a hound; fear for the loss of its power; dread of

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* 31 : 1.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* 10 : 14.

the defeat that waits upon its victims' disillusionment. "The Assyrian shall fall by the sword not of a man . . . he shall flee not at the face of the sword . . . *his strength shall pass away with dread.*"<sup>7</sup>

One of the vain dreams of the false prophets of our age is that through physical perfection the race shall come into its kingdom and shall attain all happiness. And so to-day the culture of the purely physical has become a religion among the people; has formulated its doctrines and built up its temples for the worship of its ideal: human flesh perfected and deified through immunity from all pain and sickness and death. "The struggle for life, they assure us, is steadily eliminating imperfect forms, and as the fittest continue to survive we shall have a gradual perfecting of being. That is to say, that completeness is to be sought for in the organism,—we are to be complete in nature and in ourselves. . . . Civilization . . . will improve the environment step by step as it improves the organism, or the organism as it improves the environment." These are some of the more common by-words of this new cult, whose imposing apologetic has become almost the universal language of religious culture in the world to-day. Yet "we have not said, or implied, that there is not a God of Nature. We have not affirmed that there is no natural religion. We are assured there is. We are even assured that without a Religion of Nature, Religion is only half complete; that without a God of Nature the God of Revelation is only half intelligible and only partially known. God is not confined to the outermost circle of environment. He lives and moves and has His being in the whole: Those who only seek Him in the further zone can only find a part. The Christian who knows not God in nature, who does not, that is to say, correspond with the whole environment, most certainly is partially dead. . . . The principle that want of correspondence is death applies all round. He who knows not God in nature only partially lives. The converse of this, however, is not true. . . . *He who knows God only in nature lives not.* There is no 'correspondence' with an Unknown God, no 'continuous adjustment' to a fixed First Cause. There is no 'assimilation' of Natural Law; no growth in the image of 'the

<sup>7</sup> Isa. 31 : 8-9.



All-Embracing.' To correspond with the God of Science assuredly is not to live. 'This is Life Eternal, to *know* Thee, the true God, and *Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent*.'"<sup>8</sup>

"The light of Nature, say the most for it, is dim,—how dim we ourselves, with the glare of other Light upon the modern world, can only realize when we seek among pagan records of the past for the gropings after truth of those whose only light was this. Powerfully significant and touching as these efforts were in their success, they are far more significant and touching in their failure. For they did fail. It requires no philosophy now to speculate on the inadequacy or adequacy of the Religion of Nature. For us who could never weigh it rightly in the scales of Truth it has been tried in the balance of experience and found wanting. Theism is the easiest of all religions to get, but the most difficult to keep. Individuals have kept it, but nations never. Socrates and Aristotle, Cicero and Epictetus had a theistic religion; Greece and Rome had none. And even after getting what seems like a firm place in the minds of men, its unstable equilibrium sooner or later betrays itself. On the one hand, theism has always fallen into the wildest polytheism; or on the other, into the blankest atheism. 'It is an indubitable historical fact that, outside of the sphere of special revelation, man has never obtained such a knowledge of God as a responsible and religious being plainly requires. The wisdom of the heathen world, at its very best, was utterly inadequate to the accomplishment of such a task as creating a due abhorrence of sin, controlling the passions, purifying the heart, and ennobling the conduct.'

"What is the inference? That this poor rushlight by itself was never meant to lend the ray by which man should read the riddle of the universe. The mystery is too impenetrable and remote for its uncertain flicker to more than make the darkness deeper. What, indeed, if this were not a light at all, but only a part of a light, . . . the reflector in the great Lantern which contains the Light of the World?"  
—*Ibid.*, p. 149.

In the scheme of this doctrine of Physical Perfection there is no place for a Deity who could become subject to the frailties of human nature; who would accept the portion of pain, defeat, and death, which is our common lot. The Deity of such a religion must transcend the laws of human life; must be so far beyond and above the reach of human weakness that no conceivable perfection of human flesh could ever contain His indefectible immunity from all those laws of life and death *and love* under whose burden the race of man staggers from the cradle to the grave.

And so the precedent for perfection which the life of Jesus offers has become a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence not only to man's ideal of himself, but to his ideal of God. To such an ideal the Sacred Humanity might be the most perfect humanity,

<sup>8</sup> *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 147.

morally speaking, ever born of woman; but on its physical side it was an utter failure; and in its spiritual capacity it could no more contain God than any other human being in whom moral perfection was as highly developed as in Jesus Himself; or it could, rather, contain Him, just as much.

While it may seem that in our age more than in any other the works done in Jesus' name outnumber even the mighty achievements of all other human effort and bear testimony to the spread of His kingdom upon earth; we have no evidence in this alone that His mission to humanity is being fulfilled. These things are testimony to the love of humanity *for itself* and to Jesus only as the founder of the Religion of Humanity. But if Jesus Christ be not God, who would want His Religion of humanity?—*and who would want God?* Who would want a Deity so mighty that the infinitesimal things of His own creation could never by even the most infinite expansion of their capacity contain His presence for an instant; who would blast the limits and bounds of the universe and reduce the world to chaos, if by so much as one swift visitation of His omnipotence His presence passed over earth in visible shape? Such would be the visitation of God among men,—if He were such a God; if He were Jupiter or Zeus, or fire or force, or Infinity or First Cause or The Absolute; or any single one of His attributes and just that one only. Such has not been His visitation because He is not these things alone, and through them alone He could not manifest His presence to men.

We might, for the sake of realizing this more, even say of Him that He tried to do so and failed; for since creation's dawn His omnipotence has thundered through the universe, and men, having ears, heard not; He flashed His glory across the sky and hung His riches upon the heights of space; *His Spirit hath adorned the heavens*,<sup>9</sup> and, having eyes, men saw not. He hurled His judgments upon them from Sinai's mountain top, and they laughed and danced down in the valley even while He was speaking. He brought them out of the wilderness into the land of milk and honey, and they forgot the Hand that fed them: "Lo, these things are said in part of his ways: and seeing we have heard scarce a little drop of his word;"<sup>10</sup> for by none of these things did He

<sup>9</sup> Job 26: 13.

<sup>10</sup> Job 26: 14.

reveal Himself *as He is*, because none of them is God,—*for God is Love*; and love can be interpreted to man only through humanity's language of love; only through those symbols which are enthroned forever in man's heart as love's supreme expression,—the MOTHER AND THE CHILD. God used such language to express Himself in love; and Jesus was the living Word of His message to mankind. God spoke through Him and by Him those words which spell Love in the language of humanity—sacrifice, selflessness; tenderness, sympathy—all the words born of that rich pregnancy of Love which fructified at the coming of an Incarnate God among mankind. *This is the God we want*; One who could clothe Himself in the flesh of a Babe, that we might love Him, with a love that is most human; One who would hide His awful majesty under the form of BREAD, that He might feed our hunger for Him,—a hunger that is most divine.

From this Word made Flesh we have framed a language of love so strange and mysterious in its meanings that it has become, as it were, a secret code of ethics among those who have mastered its hidden sense. The only key to its meanings is love itself; and love alone can lead the soul into the secret place where it shall find this key.<sup>11</sup> Knowledge has searched for it in vain; it has

<sup>11</sup> "All knowledge lies in Environment. When I want to know about minerals I go to minerals. When I want to know about flowers I go to flowers. And they tell me. In their own way they speak to me, each in its own tongue, and each for itself—not the mineral for the flower, which is impossible, nor the flower for the mineral, which is also impossible. So if I want to know about man, I go to his part of the Environment. And he tells me about himself, not as the plant or the mineral, for he is neither, but in his own way. And if I want to know about God, I go to His part of the Environment. And He tells me about Himself, not as a man, for He is not man, but in His own way. And just as naturally as the flower and the mineral and the man, each in their own way, tell me about themselves, He tells me about Himself. He very strangely condescends, indeed, in making things plain to me, actually assuming for a time the Form of a Man that I at my poor level may better see Him. *This is my opportunity to know Him.* This incarnation is God making Himself accessible to human thought—God opening to man the possibility of correspondence through Jesus Christ. And this correspondence and this environment are those I seek. He Himself assures me, 'This is Life Eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.' Do I not now discern the deeper meaning in '*Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent?*' Do I not better understand with what rapture the profoundest of the disciples exclaims, 'And we know that the Son of God is come: and hath given us understanding that we may know the true God? . . . This is the true God and life eternal'" (I John 5: 20).—*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 216.



unearthed things hidden from the foundation of the world in pursuit of that elusive something which always escapes its grasp just as the groping thought merges from the last rays of reason's light into the impenetrable darkness of mystery. Knowledge cannot even prove that this something was there; it cannot find so much as the faintest clue of its passing presence and is no nearer to the discovery of it after all its flights in the light and all its gropings in the dark than when it began its first blundering search for it. Knowledge cannot find or cannot prove Religion.<sup>12</sup> *Religion is Love.* You cannot prove love,—but you can know its manifestations! A man's capacity for love is his capacity for religion. The greatest lover who ever lived upon earth was Jesus,—and He *is* Religion; for religion, like God, is Love. It is not knowledge or power; or rightness or truth; or virtue or worship or good works,—though it includes all these, and more, in its capacity for good. Religion is the soul's search for God, and God's pursuit of the soul. Jesus is the clue to Himself that God has set in the pathway of the soul; and when the soul finds this clue it has found God.

#### THE WAYS OF LOVE.

He will be silent in His love.

—Soph. 3: 17.

#### THE SOUL.

A soul under the spell of love craves solitude as the body craves life's breath. It stifles for space and liberty that it may fill the universe with the vision of that beauty of its beloved which

<sup>12</sup> “What is Religion? What am I to believe? What seek with all my heart and soul and mind?—this is the imperious question sent up to the consciousness from the depths of being in all earnest hours; sent down again, alas! with many of us, time after time, unanswered. Into all our thought and work and reading this question pursues us. But the theories are rejected one by one; the great books are returned sadly to their shelves, the years pass, and the problem remains unsolved. The confusion of tongues here is terrible. Every day a new authority announces himself. Poets, philosophers, preachers, try their hand on us in turn. New prophets arise and beseech us for our soul's sake to give ear to them; at last in an hour of inspiration they have discovered the final truth. Yet the doctrine of yesterday is challenged by a fresh philosophy to-day; and the creed of to-day will fall in turn before the criticism of to-morrow. *Increase of knowledge increaseth sorrow.* And at length the conflicting truths, like the beams of light in the laboratory experiment, combine in the mind to make total darkness.”—*Ibid.*, p. 213.

the bounds of its own heart cannot contain. It would sweep from the earth the images of all other beauty that but fret it with distraction from the beauty of the inner vision. It would be alone; it would fly even from the *visible* presence of its own beloved; it would sit solitary and brood upon the thought of the beauty and the love that ravished it rather than it would clasp it with sentient touch. And this because love and beauty in their essence are of the soul rather than of the body; and the soul shudders at the rough touch of sense which shatters that clear vision of the inner eye portraying love and beauty in a form too exquisite for the grasp of sense to hold; too vague and elusive for the gaze of the human eye to recognize.

“ In this deep loneliness God set  
 Each soul as in a shrine;  
 He bade His Virgin she should keep  
 Her separate light ashine;  
 While others on strange hearths attend  
 The flames that are not mine.”

In this deep loneliness of love the soul discovers itself, as it were, for the first time, as an entity; as something which has lived and will forever live its own interior life inherently in itself; which holds at will some strange and absolute possession over its own Ego, and withdraws or shares this possession with others according to the dictates of its own imperious and personal choice. Sometimes this withdrawal wraps the soul in a sombre isolation that detaches it utterly from all life and consciousness and love outside itself,—

“ In the high watch tower of the soul  
 I tarry all day long.  
 The days flit by like flocks of birds,  
 But not one has a song.  
 My soul—it has no other soul  
 To which it doth belong.

All night I watch from my high tower  
 The great world come and go;  
 Their faces flare along the dark  
 Like wandering stars below.  
 But who has seen two stars that touch?  
 And space has said me No.”

Again its yearning for sympathy drives it impetuously toward the object which has for the first time made it aware of the dearth and emptiness within itself while this object is unattained.

“ My body is a waste  
Through which my soul doth haste,  
Famished until it taste  
Its nameless new desire !

I thirst ! My throat is dried !  
I ask ;—am still denied !  
Cry to be satisfied,—  
*Yet only as Love will.*”

Hiddenness is the very home of love, and the only shadow that haunts this home is the dread of that day when discovery shall unveil the deep hiding-place wherein its secret treasures lie. Secrecy is love's most inherent instinct ; and, guided by its keen apprehensions, love escapes discovery by an elusiveness almost infinite in its resources,—and can forever so escape it *if it will*, for by love's own consent alone shall its treasure be yielded up.

We cannot fathom the mystery of that strange law by which love inviolate, love undiscovered, is alone the love we want ; the love we pursue with unremitting desire ; the love we elect above all others for its supremely alluring charm,—a charm we have not seen, yet know is there, for we feel its strange spell upon us and we must follow where it leads. These things belong to love's mysticism ; and we may not press beyond the borders of that land enclosed, and sentineled by watchers holy with reserve, unless we have no other quest than love ; and feel no other spur urging us onward than love itself ; “ love which faints not, nor lies down ; which watches, and sleeping, slumbers not ; which feels no burden, values no labors ; when weary is not tired ; when straitened is not constrained ; when frightened is not disturbed ; love which will tend upwards like a lively flame and a burning torch ; which will be at liberty, yet circumspect ; humble and upright,—not soft, nor light ; but sober, chaste and quiet. Love which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it ; *love strong as death* ;—the perfect love, *which casteth out fear.*”

Love does not hide itself because it fears discovery, but because by eluding discovery it invites pursuit. For a soul to seek soli-



tude and to hide from men's sight merely that others may know it has set out upon love's quest, is to make a display of love's secrets which will sue in vain for praise and admiration from those to whom these secrets are mere contradiction and folly. This is to pervert love's quest, and to frustrate the plan by which its object may be attained. Always and forever that plan is secrecy; hiddenness to the point of obliteration; unobtrusiveness which strives for utter self-effacement; withdrawal that shrinks into annihilation,—these are the means which love's instinct for secrecy leads it to pursue that it may hold its heart's treasure inviolate.

“ I will be silent in my soul  
 Since God has girt me round  
 With His own silences in which  
 There is no space for sound.  
 Only His voice perchance may drop  
 Like dew upon the ground.”

There are two ways by which love hides itself; and for the sake of defining their contrast better we might call one the physical way and the other the spiritual way. The former seeks material means for concealment; puts physical barriers between itself and others; announces its intention to disappear,—and thereby reveals the clue by which it may be discovered. The other obliterates itself by the more subtle means of absolute refrainment from all outward manifestations of the inward presence of love :

“ My soul is girt in secrecies  
 Like the petals of a rose;  
 My breath which is among them floats  
 On every wind that blows.  
 They are like sleep around a dream—  
 There is no one that knows.”

It walks abroad through the public ways of men and in the simple unobtrusiveness of its outer personality they see nothing that betrays the presence of the inward spirit; only that at times the air seems to lift and clear at its passing, and someone within the reach of its hidden influence feels the touch of a virtue that went out from it. The other is no different from this one in its external gifts and graces,—perhaps it even outshines the latter in this respect; but somehow its finish reveals “the mark of the tool; the other with God's breath still upon it, is an inspiration;

not more virtuous, but differently virtuous ; not more humble, but different, wearing the meek and quiet spirit artlessly as to the manner born. The other-worldliness of such a character is the thing that strikes you ; you are not prepared for what it will do or say or become next, for it moves from a far-off centre, and in spite of its transparency and sweetness, that presence fills you always with awe. A man never feels the discord of his own life, never hears the jar of the machinery by which he tries to manufacture his own good points, till he has stood in the stillness of such a presence. Then he discerns the difference between growth and work. *He has considered the lilies, how they grow.*"<sup>13</sup>

In such a manner did Jesus hide from men the terrible potency of that God-love within Him which would have transported men

<sup>13</sup> *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 121.

"The conclusion is, then, that the Christian is a unique phenomenon. You cannot account for him. And if you could he would not be a Christian. Mozley has drawn the two characters for us in graphic words : 'Take an ordinary man of the world, what he thinks and what he does, his whole standard of duty is taken from the society in which he lives. It is a borrowed standard ; he is as good as other people are ; he does, in the way of duty, what is generally considered proper and becoming among those with whom his lot is thrown. He reflects established opinion on such points. He follows its lead. His aims and objects in life again are taken from the world around him, and from its dictation. What it considers honorable, worth having, advantageous and good he thinks so too and pursues it. His motives all come from a visible quarter. It would be absurd to say that there is any mystery in such a character as this, because it is formed from a known external influence—the influence of social opinion and the voice of the world. Whence such a character cometh we see ; we venture to say that the source and origin of it is open and palpable, and we know it just as we know the physical causes of many common facts.'

"Then there is the other : 'There is a certain character and disposition of mind of which it is true to say that "thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." . . . There are those who stand out from the crowd, which reflects merely the atmosphere of feeling and standard of society around it, with an impress upon them which bespeaks a heavenly birth. . . . Now, when we see one of those characters, it is a question which we ask ourselves, How has the person become possessed of it ? Has he caught it from the society around him ? That cannot be, because it is wholly different from that of the world around him. Has he caught it from the inoculation of crowds and masses, as the mere religious zealot catches his character ? That cannot be either, for the type is altogether different from that which masses of men, under enthusiastic impulses, exhibit. There is nothing *gregarious* in this character ; it is the individual's own ; it is not borrowed ; it is not a reflection of any fashion or tone of the world outside ; it rises from some fount within, and it is a creation of which the text says, 'We know not whence it cometh.'"

—*Ibid.*, p. 119.

of themselves, had not its attraction been tempered and subdued into the semblance of a love which humanity could both understand and endure; a love which would *win* the heart of man, not force it, to admiration, desire, and surrender. Though it might have been a *quicker* way to draw men to God by flashing one single ray of the vision of His omnipotence upon their understanding, than to hang helpless in death upon a shameful cross, it would have been a way which a God of love could not stoop to use upon the creatures of His hand; because by such an act He would have robbed us of the priceless gift of liberty to choose Him of our own free will,—the one condition of our choice which He covets with an inexorable jealousy; and without which our love for Him would be a mere blind fatalism.

Liberty to love is demanded by the soul with a fierceness proportionate to its desire for love. The soul writhes under check or hindrance to its pursuit of love, when this desire has reached the climax of conscious want, with an anguish that no bonds of steel could inflict upon human flesh. This is the soul's condition once it has discovered that God is the only good which will satisfy its wants; once it knows that the vast emptiness which terrifies it in its moments of solitude and darkness is only its capacity for God. "*In this capacity for God lies its receptivity*" for Him. "The chamber is not only ready to receive the new Life, but the Guest is expected, and, till He comes, is missed. Till then the soul yearns and pines, waving its tentacles piteously in the air, feeling after God if so be that it may find Him. This is not peculiar to the Christian's soul. In every land and in every age there have been altars to the Known and Unknown God. It is now agreed as a mere question of anthropology that the universal language of the human soul has always been 'I perish with hunger.' This is what fits it for Christ. There is a grandeur in this cry from the depths which makes its very unhappiness sublime."<sup>14</sup>

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 269.

"The soul, in its highest sense, is a vast capacity for God. It is like a curious chamber added on to being, and somehow involving being, a chamber with elastic and contractile walls, which can be expanded, with God as its Guest, illimitably, but which without God shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the Divine is gone, and God's image is left without God's Spirit. One cannot call what is left a soul; it is a



This is the hunger which may never be fed "by bread alone;" nor by any material good in exchange for God. Nor will any soul with such a hunger upon it seek for good in a direction opposite to God once it has found the *Clue* that will set it upon the track to Him. A soul that wants God like this can be trusted to find Him even in the dark,—only let it go its own way to Him. If it would climb up to the mountain top, let it go there; if it would seek Him in the depths of the sea, do not hinder it. Dare not to set bounds and limits to its way of finding Him, saying to it, "Thus far only thou shalt go, and no farther." Do not offer to go before it that you may guide its steps, lest you darken the light that shines upon its face; and put no check upon its speed by timing its paces to your own slow gait. It can be trusted alone to find Him whom it seeks. *It can never get to Him at all until it is able to go in the path of His attraction alone.*

shrunken, useless organ, a capacity sentenced to death by disuse, which droops as a withered hand by the side, and cumbrous nature like a rotted branch. Nature has her revenge upon neglect as well as upon extravagance. Misuse, with her, is as mortal a sin as abuse. . . . It is no objection to all this to say that we are unconscious of this neglect or misdirection of our powers. That is the darkest feature of the case. If there were uneasiness there might be hope. If there were, somewhere about our soul, a something which had not gone to sleep like all the rest; if there were a contending force anywhere, if we would let even that work instead of neglecting it, it would gain strength from hour to hour, and waken up one at a time each torpid and dishonored faculty till our whole nature became alive with strivings against self, and every avenue was open wide for God. But the apathy, the numbness of the soul, what can be said of such a symptom but that it means the creeping on of death? There are accidents in which the victim feels no pain. They are well and strong they think. But they are dying. And if you ask the surgeon by their side what makes him give this verdict, he will say it is this numbness over the frame which tells how some of their parts have lost already the very capacity for life.

"Nor is it the least tragic accompaniment of this process that its effects may even be concealed from others. The soul undergoing degeneration, surely by some arrangement with Temptation planned in the uttermost hell, possesses the power of *absolute secrecy*. When all within is festering decay and rottenness, a Judas, without anomaly, may kiss his Lord. This invisible consumption, like its fell analogue in the physical world, may even keep its victim beautiful while slowly slaying it. . . . Men tell us sometimes there is no such thing as an atheist. There must be. There are some men to whom it is true that there is no God. . . . If every Godward aspiration of the soul has been allowed to become extinct, and every inlet that was open to heaven to be choked, and every talent for religious love and trust to have been persistently neglected and ignored, where are the faculties to come from that would even find the faintest relish in such things as God and heaven give?"—*Ibid.*, 101-107.

Such a soul can not only be trusted in the dark; but it can be trusted in the light. There is no glare of noonday that can dispel that vision which to love's eyes outshines the light of sun and moon and stars; there is no place so populous with life and so teeming with the distracting activities of men, that it cannot make into a wilderness for itself by the absolute preoccupation of its own conscious thought with God alone; and by the utter aloofness of its inner life from all external things. This is not the mere fancifulness of mysticism. It is a simple psychological condition of mind; so common to preoccupied thought that we would hardly make a comment upon it if our neighbor at his desk near by should not, in his absorption with his own work or thought, hear our voice at his ear or observe our casual passing in and out, though he might seem to be gazing at us with fixed attention. If such mental states close up the media of the senses to our inner consciousness, there are heart states that can make the world about us one great dead blank, and the whole universe a vacuum in which we hear only the beat of our own pulse; and feel only the great spaces that fill up, yet divide, the distance between our groping soul and God.

" Though His sweet presence like a light  
Is shed about the place—  
My Love, to whom I am most near,—  
I have not seen His face.  
My tears, which are not His, must drop  
To reach His heart, through space."

There is no defeat for love like this, or that which to others would be defeat, to it would be but the shorter road toward its goal. Like him who strives to hold his balance upon the pinnacle of this world's greatness, to it defeat can only come through *fear*. But *perfect love casteth out fear*. Neither can corruption steal between it and the vision of perfect purity upon which its eyes are fixed,—for such love has "become as a little child"—its eyes can see no evil while they look only with the veiled gaze of the clean of heart.

These are love's uncommon ways; the paths it treads when "the burden of the valley of vision" which bore it down, yet urged it on, has been lifted from its heart, and it steps free upon

the heights where love's only law is the liberty that unbinds all law; yet puts it under that sweet constraint of love from which it now may never more be loosed.

But there are still the common ways for us to cover who dwell down in the twilight peace of the valley; and we cannot always see why we who need the light here more than those who have reached the mountain top should have to build all our hopes and risk all our happiness upon the promises of a God who hides His face; nor why those who, in their weakness and doubt, most need the sight of Him should be the ones who are most deprived of His presence. Why we should grope and stumble in this darkness we do not know, when even the merest glimpse of His face would so lighten the gloom upon Faith's pathway. Yet we cannot tell with what infinitesimal calculation God reckons up the value of each weak effort of human flesh to fight off the foe of sin; of each sudden piteous sigh for peace and rest from the unending struggle of it all; of every blind grasp in the dark upon any hold that would bear up the sinking spirit till the light breaks again; of even those unuttered murmurs of the lonely soul and the suffering heart which His inscrutable hiddenness at times almost presses into open reproach. We can see the reason for these things sometimes when the broad noonday of joy lights up all the earth and shines far out into the unfathomable width of space. Yet even in the twilight gloom of our common daily life the cold mind sees a reason for this struggle toward the Unseen Good; and marks the mysterious results of it even upon our external lives. We know these are the processes by which the spirit's fibre is refined and strengthened, and that exquisite quality given to the human soul which we call character. We do not know the actual operation of this process upon the spirit, but we know the results of it when we see it. And we have seen and watched the silent mysterious workings of this hidden force even in the souls of those nearest and dearest to us; we have marked the gentler touch of the hand as time has borne them along on its tides of disappointment and bereavement of this world's good; and have caught that note of tenderness in the voice that is left behind by the tears of a sorrow subdued and past. Again, in the face and voice of friends we have met after years of absence, we



have noted a change; and have thought for a moment, "They are the same, yet not the same as the image we have carried in our heart." It is not the marks of time that have made the difference; but some strange transforming power has touched their spirits, and the traits we knew and loved in them so well seem to have emerged from the rough into the clear-cut outlines that define that ideal of them which has sometimes visited us in dreams.

"Mysteriousness is the test of spiritual birth. And this was Christ's test. The wind bloweth where it listeth. Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, *so is every one that is born of the Spirit*. The test of spirituality is that you cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. If you can tell, if you can account for it on philosophical principles, on the doctrine of influence, on strength of will, on a favorable environment, it is not growth. It may be so far a success, it may be perfectly honest, even remarkable, and praiseworthy imitation; but it is not the real thing. The fruits are wax, the flowers artificial; you can tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth."<sup>15</sup>

These are the outward signs of the inward grace of love's secret work upon the soul. These are the spontaneous revealings of that growth toward God which bears to mere imitation of such growth the same resemblance that the flower of wax bears to the lily of the field; and this growth, too, like the flower of nature, betrays its hiding-place more often by its perfume than by its presence there.

#### THE SINGULARITY OF THE SAINTS.

Not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect, but I follow after.

—Phil. 3: 12.

#### IMITATION.

It is not possible to understand the singularity of the saints, and it is less than honest to imitate it until we come to know, at least by some small measure of personal experience, the force of the motive behind their sanctity.

To devote one's attention to merely imitating the saints is to divert one's mind from the very principle which made them saints,

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 118.

and upon which all true sanctity must be based. We might succeed in making ourselves almost the replica of a saint externally, but if the interior principle and motive of his sanctity did not become a fact of our own personal experience, we would be perhaps a poorer representation of such sanctity at the end of all our efforts than if we had remained our own poor shabby selves.

We are only frustrating the mission of the saints to humanity, and misconstruing the supreme lesson of their lives to us, when we make a blind imitation of what they did and what they were the whole aim of our study of them. Our business is to get to the bottom of *why* they did these things, and how they came to do them. We must get at the motive of doing anything before we can rightly understand and fulfil the method of doing it. It is only for soulless machines to work with method, and without motive. Let us master the motive of sanctity before we attempt to copy the method of it; for the latter is the mere framework of the saint's individual life, suited to his own peculiar character, conditions and period and perhaps most unsuited to any other. "Such is the inexplicable variety of internal dispositions, that the same course and order will scarce serve any two souls."<sup>16</sup> The motive only is absolute and arbitrary in its meaning for all souls alike, for it describes the single destiny of all souls,—eternal union with God, through personal perfection.<sup>17</sup>

We do not notice that the saints were given to imitating other saints; but that all of them seem to stand with singular distinctness in a little world of their own, set apart sometimes from their fellows and estranged from all by this very singularity of character, the like of which may have never been known before. "The

<sup>16</sup> *Sancta Sophia*, Treat. I, Sec. 2, Chap. 3, § 8.

<sup>17</sup> "That without such an interior tendance and desire no exterior sufferances or observances will imprint any true virtue in the soul, or bring her nearer to God, we see in the example of Suso, who for the first five years of a religious profession found no satisfaction in soul at all, notwithstanding all his care and exactness in exterior regular observances and mortifications: he perceived plainly that *still he wanted something*, but what that was he could not tell, till God was pleased to discover it to him, and put him in the way to attain to his desire, which was in spirit to tend continually to this union, without which all his austerities and observances served little or nothing."—*Ibid.*, Chap. 4, § 4.

This author uses a still more striking example from the lives of the saints in illustrating the difference between methods and motives of sanctity in his interesting

measure and manner of loving God is to love Him immeasurably and without any prescribed manner," is St. Bernard's standard of saintliness. Once let the real sense of this seize upon the inner consciousness, and we should not only understand the motive of sanctity, but would become so absorbed in fulfilling the behests of its hidden impulses that the manner and method of their expression would be as unstudied and as unconscious in us as they were in the saints themselves.

It is no wonder that the lives of the saints are so misunderstood and even so much disliked by common Christians. To such as these the saints often appear to be almost anything outside the category of sane human beings; and all from the mistake we have made in presenting the saint's life, as it were, in an inverted order. Either from not being able to understand the motive of sanctity, or of not being able to explain it if we did understand it, we have obscured and even eliminated this basic principle from our description of the saint's life, and have presented a mere history of singularities and wonders that have repelled instead of attracted the common mind. Far from this principle being beyond their comprehension, it is on the contrary just such uncalculating minds that most readily respond to the appeal of it. It is more comprehensible to them how a human being can be so dominated by a great passion, by such a great overmastering attraction to some supreme good, as to be reckless of all consequences, blind to human policies and considerations, and rash even to the point of idiocy in the effort to reach this good,—all this appeals more immediately to the simple, unquestioning mind, moved only by human nature's impulses and emotions, than it does to the higher intelligence, prone to distrust the experience of others until it has itself made a personal test of it.

account (*Ibid.*, Treat. 3, Sec. 1, Chap. 7) of Bl. Baltazar Alvarez' sudden illumination on this vital point. He, too, like Suso, had followed the *method* in vain, "and for near sixteen years had labored as one that tills the ground without reaping any fruit." Then the light came: "But when sixteen years were passed he found his heart on the sudden unexpectedly quite changed and dilated, . . . and his soul . . . filled with an astonishing joy, like that of those which say, 'Lord, when we see Thee, we have seen all good, and are entirely satiated.'"

"*Si semper desideras, semper oras,*" says St. Augustine; "if thou dost continually desire God, thou dost continually pray."



"As substantial holiness, so the perfection of it, which is contemplation, consists far more principally in the operation of the will than of the understanding," again says Father Baker; and if we keep this oft-repeated fact in mind, we shall get the point of view from which to rightly estimate the character of sanctity.

We may never succeed in making the unintelligent Christian—or any other Christian for that matter—understand the singularities of the saints, or rightly appreciate their methods of sanctity, until we have succeeded in grasping the simple, fundamental fact of sanctity's supreme motive; which is the saint's overmastering conviction that God is not only the highest good, but the only good either in this world or in any other,<sup>18</sup> and that all the conduct of his personal life is but a consistent effort to attain that good in the shortest possible time over the shortest possible road. His method of accomplishing this is for the most part his own, the spontaneous expression of his own personal and perhaps inherent characteristics; and it is worked out almost unconsciously as he goes along. He has that gift which is common to most genius, and to all high grades of character,—abstraction from externals, and an almost utter unconsciousness of manner; evidencing simply an interior fixity of will and purpose which is proof against the shock or surprise of external influences. He would hardly brook the distraction of studied method or prescribed manner, as it would be to him little more than a turning-away of his gaze from that goal whereon all his desires and all his thoughts are irrevocably fixed. The sight of that is spur enough to him; and his impulse toward it rough-rides all obstacles in his way. How foolish to try to follow in his wake unless we too have glimpsed that shining goal, and felt the impulse and the spur to reach it that the vision gave us. And how fatal to check our progress toward it, once we have set out to reach it, by stopping to trace every path and by-path through which the feet of others have found their way to this goal. It is

<sup>18</sup> "They not only believe and know, but even feel and taste Him to be the universal, infinite Good. By means of a continual conversation with Him they are reduced to a blessed state of . . . transcendancy and forgetfulness of all created things, and especially of themselves, to a heavenly-mindedness and fixed attention to God only, and this even in the midst of employments to others never so distractive."

—*Ibid.*, Treat. I, Sec. I, Ch. 3, § 7.

well, and most cheering to us indeed, if we find the marks of saintly footsteps on the same road by which we have ourselves been led. They have been left there merely to give that assurance the traveller feels, as he goes into an unknown region, when he finds the footprints of one who has explored the way before him. He does not follow their leading out of a foolish desire to imitate the fatigue and sufferings that the painful and difficult journey must have cost to him who went before. He simply takes this road with the same end in view that the other had, and blesses and praises him for having blazed the way.

He who would travel the road to sanctity must have the key by which to read aright the sign-posts he meets along the way, lest their seeming contradictions only mislead him into a maze of spiritual confusion and darkness. Let him have no other object in his mind than the journey's end, and he will have the key to every occult sign and mystic meaning hidden in the annals of saintly lore.<sup>19</sup> The sign-language of the elect! How well they know each other's meanings when they meet face to face; when soul looks into soul and greets a brother pilgrim bound for the self-same object! How quick the recognition, when the magic of a word or the flash of a glance reveals spirit unto kindred spirit!

To impute as folly the exaggerated and extravagant fervor of the saints is only to confess one's own short-sighted conception of that good which is the divine object of all their desires. Yet to admire and imitate this fervor in the hope that this would in itself bring to the consciousness a realization of that good, would be to confess that one had never had the personal experience of conceiving good in this form, and was simply striving to borrow another's conception of it. Love cannot see with borrowed eyes. No matter how fair a vision another may have of love's object it is not so dear and intimate a thing as one's own conception of that object; and it is untrue as a conception until it possesses the

<sup>19</sup> "Yea, I dare with all confidence pronounce, that if all spiritual books in the world were lost, and there were no external directors at all, yet if a soul that has a natural aptness . . . will prosecute prayer and abstraction of life . . . and propose Almighty God, His will, love, honor, for her final intention . . . such a soul would walk clearly in perfect light . . . and would not fail in due time to arrive at perfect contemplation."—*Ibid.*, Treat. 1, Sec. 2, Ch. 3, § 17.

mind and will with a conviction of its truth as intense and as real as the original conception in the mind of the other. "We can do the outward deeds and say the words of love; but over the thing itself we have no direct command. It is given to us like the inspirations of genius; or it happens to us; and we can dispose ourselves to receive it and can coöperate with it when received; but it means in some sense a grace, nor can we by taking thought add a foot to our stature in this matter." <sup>20</sup>

While there is the kind of imitation which seeks with sincere desire to acquire sanctity by method, from lack either of natural ability or grace to achieve it by motive; there is another kind of imitation which, like a veritable parasite, fastens upon the most vital forms of the Christian life. It is not satisfied with the imitation of ordinary righteousness, but takes the pose of some extraordinary virtue or zeal in well-doing. The most striking resemblance it bears to the real parasite is in its own inherent lack of even the capacity to possess the qualities which it assumes. This explains more than anything else its eagerness to borrow their semblance, as it were, to hide its own nakedness and deformity. The unhappy result of this deception seldom comes back upon itself—for it is facile in assuming other guises as fast as the old ones are torn from it—but upon those who have been imposed upon by the imitation. The peculiar thing about this kind of inferior person is his or her talent for deceiving the superior and spiritual minds. "It takes a thief to catch a thief," or at least guilelessness too often unfits one for detecting the deceits of guile. Spiritual books are full of the accounts of this kind of imposters; and in most cases where the mask has been torn off them, some very clever bit of common sense has been used to set the trap. Imitation of an inferior thing is not worth while; and it is equally useless for inferiority to impose only upon the inferior. "Rogues and liars prosper just so long as there are a majority of honest men to lie to; but a community of rogues could not hold together; their theory of conduct is untrue to the nature of human society."<sup>21</sup>

There is a still further kind of imitation which comes from mere weakness and lack of personal initiative. It is almost motiveless, except in its desire to secure its own safety by blindly follow-

<sup>20</sup> *Lex Orandi*, p. 200.

<sup>21</sup> *Lex Orandi*, p. 57.



ing precedent, and saving itself the risk or the penalty of acting consistently with its own characteristics. This kind of imitation is best described by its analogy to certain phenomena in nature. "Recent botanical researches have made science familiar with what is termed *Mimicry*. Certain organisms in one kingdom assume, for purposes of their own, the outward form of organisms belonging to another. This curious hypocrisy is practised both by plants and animals, the object being to secure some particular advantage, usually safety, which would be denied were the organism always to play its part in Nature *in propria persona*. . . . It is a startling result of the indirect influence of Christianity, or of a spurious Christianity, that the religious world has come to be populated—how largely one can scarce venture to think—with mimetic species. In few cases, probably, is this a conscious deception. In many doubtless it is induced by the desire for *safety*. But in a majority of instances it is the natural effect of the prestige of a great system upon those who, coveting its benedictions, yet fail to understand its true nature, or decline to bear its profounder responsibilities. It is here that the test of Life becomes of supreme importance. . . . After all it is by the general bent of a man's life, by his heart-impulses and secret desires, his spontaneous actions and abiding motives that his generation is declared."<sup>22</sup> Until we know what a man loves, and to what degree he loves it, we have no key to his real character, and may be profoundly deceived in our estimate of that which is only apparent. True also it is that a man's conduct in love is only the measure of his personal traits, and the revelation of his inmost qualities of heart and mind.

'Ερώνομος.

## GLENANAAR.

### A Story of Irish Life.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

ON the evening of that day in which Redmond Casey had given his solemn commission to Donal, old Edmond Connors, returning slowly from his walk through the fields, sat weary and tired on the parapet of the little bridge that curved itself

<sup>22</sup> *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 352.

above the Ownanaar. The years, and, perhaps, much musing and sorrow, were telling on the great, muscular frame of the old man. For everyone said that since Donal's marriage, and the death of the *vanithee*, Edmond Connors had aged more than twenty years. He often, too, fell into fits of drowsiness. He slept before the hot fire in the kitchen; he slept outside against the south wall of the barn, where the sun shone fiercely; he slept sitting on a boulder above a mountain torrent; so that people said he was breaking up, and that this somnolency was a forerunner of death. This evening, as he sat tired there on the mossy wall of the bridge, Edmond Connors fell asleep, and dreamed in the fitful way of the old or the troubled, that Nodlag had gone from him for ever. He did not know why or wherefore. He vaguely conjectured that Nano, Donal's wife, had made her life unbearable; and that himself and Donal could not prevent it. He only remembered that the girl had come into the kitchen, flung her arms around his neck, kissed him on forehead and cheek and lips, and passed out the backdoor of the kitchen without a word. He was moaning sadly in his dreams, when a light finger touched him, and he woke. He saw standing over him a tall woman, with great black eyes shining out of a pinched and sallow face, and above it a crown of the whitest hair he thought he ever saw. He rubbed his eyes, and stared, not knowing whether this too was not part of his dream. The woman spoke.

"Edmond Connors, you don't know me?"

"N—no," said the old man, "are you alive, or am I dhramin' yet?"

"You are wide awake, now;" the woman said, looking down upon him. "Listen! I want somethin' from ye!"

"I have nothin' to giv' ye, me poor 'uman," said the old man feelingly. "Whin God giv' it to me, I shared it with His poor. I've nothin' now but what does not belong to me."

"You have somethin'," she replied, "that belongs to me. I have come to claim it."

"You're makin' a mistake, me poor 'uman," said the old man. "Edmond Connors never kep' as much as the black of yer nail from annywan. You mane somebody else!"

"No!" she cried. "I mane you! I want me child!"

The dream and the reality rushed together through the brain of the old man. He did not know "which was which." He looked up at the woman, and said faintly :

"Nodlag?"

"Yes!" said the woman, apparently remorseless. "I have come to claim back the child you have called Nodlag. Her right name is Annie Daly, and she is my child!"

"And are you the 'uman that met me on this bridge fourteen or fifteen years ago, whin the snow was on the ground, and—she was a little child in yer arrums?"

"I am," said the woman.

The old man paused.

"And was it you that lef' that little infan' to the mercy of God on that cowl'd Christmas night in the byre among the cattle?"

"It was," said the woman, unmoved.

"Thin, av you giv' up yer mother's rights, thin, what right have you now to claim her back?"

"The same mother's rights," she answered, "and the sthrong hand of the law."

"To the divil with you and yer law," cried the old man, starting up in a fury. The word "law," so utterly hated by the Irish peasant as synonymous with every kind of injustice and brutality, set his cold blood aflame. "To the divil wid you an' yer law," he repeated. "You an' yer law darn't put a wet finger on *my* child. I've saved her from worse than ye; an' as long as God laves me the bret' of life, nayther you nor yer law will take her from me."

The woman now sat down on the mossy wall, and pulled the old man down beside her.

"Listen to rayson, an' common sinse, Edmond Connors," she said. "'Tis thrue I put me child into your hands that Christmas night. Your byre was warmer than the cowl'd river. If I remember right, 'twas you yourself that axed me."

"'Twas," said the old man; "you thought to murder that weeshy, innicent crachure that God giv' you; and I said many a Christian family would be glad to take her frum ye."

"Did ye know at the time to whom ye were shpakin'?" asked the woman.



"No! but I knew well 'twas Annie Daly, daughter of the man that was swearin' away me life, that was brought in from the bastes that night."

"You did?" said the woman.

"I did," he replied. "An' I clung to her since; and she has growed into me heart, as none of me own childre ever growed; and, be the high Heavens, nayther you, nor your law, nor any livin' morchial man will take her from me, ontill she puts me in me coffin, and sees the last sod above me grave."

The woman was silent for a few minutes.

"You did a good an' charitable act, Edmond Connors," she said at length, "but didn't ye ever get back annything in return?"

He did not catch her meaning for a few minutes. Then, as the recollection of the trial dawned upon him, he cried, as he felt for the woman's hand, and grasped it firmly:

"Yes, *mo shtig, mo chree*; an' I have never forgot it. But for you, me bones would be blaching this manny a year, beside poor Lynch's, in Cork gaol."

"'Tis to save you from somethin' worse," said the woman, disengaging her hand, "that I've come across three thousan' miles of stormy ocean, and am here now in the teeth of those who'd murdher me, if they knew me."

"I'm at a loss to know what you mane, ma'am," replied the old man. "I have only a few years, it may be a few months, to live, an' I'm not sorry to be goin' to the good God—"

"People like to die in their beds; and to have the priest wid them," she replied, "no matther how tired of life they are."

"An' wid God's blessin', that's how I'll die," he said. "I've been prayin' all my life agin a 'sudden an' unprovided death,' and God is sure to hear me in the ind."

"He'll hear you, but He won't heed you," said the woman, rising up and pulling the black shawl over her head, as the preliminary of departing. "Av you don't take me advice, Edmond Connors, this blessed evening, a worse death than the Cork gal-lows is before you."

"What wrong have I ever done to morchial man or 'uman," he cried, anxiously, "that any wan should murdher me?"

"'Tisn't to the guilty, but to the innicent the hard death comes," she replied.

"But I have never made an inimy in me life, 'uman," he cried passionately. "I've always lived in pace with God an' me nabors."

"I don't say 'tis on your own account," she replied. "But I hard since I kem back to this misforthunate country that your secret is out; an' the bloodhoun's are on yer thrack."

"Why don't you shpake to Nodlag hersel', and let her decide?" he said, after a long fit of musing.

The wretched woman gave a long, hoarse laugh.

"An' do ye suppose for a moment she'd listen to me story?" she said. "Do ye suppose she'd lave you for the likes av me?"

"Nodlag is a good girl," said he, seeing how much he was gaining. "If you can shew her that you are her mother, she'll go wid you to the inds of the airth."

"I don't want her to come wid me," said the wretched mother. "I want her to go where she'll be cared for well, without puttin' any wan's life in danger!"

"An' where might that be?" he asked.

"She can go among the ginty," the woman answered. "They'll sind her where she'll be safe; and yet no wan can find her; and she'll be rared up a lady, instid of bein' slushin' and moilin' for Nano Haggerty!"

"An' be brought up a Prodestan', I suppose?" said the old man, looking at her keenly.

"That's nayther here nor there," said the woman. "Her belongin's have got more from Prodestan's than Catholics anny day."

"Av they have, 'tis the dirty wages they got," the old man said. "And Nodlag never yet did anny thing mane, to say she'd do it now."

"There's no use in talkin' to you," the woman cried, lifting the shawl high on shoulders and head; "keep her, Edmond Connors, keep her. You've a better right to her than me; and may it be a long time till the death comes between ye to part ye! But there's blood before me eyes these nights I have been spindin' out there on the heather, and the furze; and I misdoubt me if there's not blood to be shed like wather. But I have warned ye, Edmond

Connors, I have warned ye! An' yet, may the Blessed Vargin be 'atween ye an' her inimies for all ye have done for me child!"

She took his hand, raised it to her lips, and kissed it passionately, as she had done so many years before; and then strode away with her swift, swinging step across the road, and down through the moorland.

"Am I dhramin' still?" said Edmond Connors. "I'm so old and wake now I don't know whin I'm asleep or awake. But, 'tis quare, out and out, that Nodlag should be comin' up so often."

Hence, when the old man returned home, he could scarcely keep his eyes off the girl. He stared at her, and watched her, wherever she was, and whatever she was doing; stood up, and followed her figure from the kitchen, when she went out; sat down resignedly and kept his eyes fixed upon her, as she sat beneath the lamp, darning his stockings, or polishing his brown gaiters. She was getting somewhat alarmed at the persistency of his gaze, when, late at night, looking around cautiously at first, to see if Nano was in the kitchen, he beckoned the girl to his side.

"Whisper, alanna," he said, "and don't spake loud, for fear thim would hear, who oughtn't to hear. Did ye see anny wan strange to-day?"

"No, sir!" said Nodlag, surprised. "There was no sthranger round the house to-day."

"No 'uman," he asked, "with a yellow face, and big eyes, and grey hair?"

"No, sir!" answered the girl. "There was no wan of that kind about, at laste as far as I know."

"Don't mintion to anny wan that I asked the question," he said.

He fell into a fit of musing that seemed to last very long to the young girl. Then he woke up suddenly to see her face near his.

"What was I sayin'?" he cried. "Oh, yes! don't mintion to anny wan what I was sayin', Nodlag. But, whisper! Come closer, Nodlag!"

"Yes, sir! what can I do?"

"Nodlag, sure you won't lave me?"

"Leave you, sir? Certainly, I won't."



" Promise me that you won't lave me till you see the hood of the habit pulled down on me face; and the last sod flattened above my grave."

" Sure, you know, sir, I'll never lave you," said Nodlag, crying. " Where 'ud I go from you, who have been father and mother to me?"

" Thru, for you, child," the old man whispered. " More than father and mother, if ye knew all. But ye didn't see the white-haired 'uman I was spakin' about?"

" No, sir," she said, now believing that he was grown delirious. " There was no wan of that kind here, at all, at all!"

" Thin, you'll say nothin' to nobody about what I was sayin'," he whispered. " 'Twas all a dhrame! 'twas all a dhrame!"

She went back to the table, and resumed her work; but from time to time he called her over, when there was no one in the kitchen but themselves.

" Say nothin' about it, Nodlag! Say nothin' about it! 'Twas all a dhrame! 'Twas all a dhrame!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

Donal was quite wrong when he said that Nodlag had nothing but the clothes she wore. She was, unknown to herself and the world besides, the heiress of Edmond Connors, her more than father. The old man, feeling that time was narrowing for him, and that he should soon sleep with his fathers down there beneath the elms at Templeroan, had gone into Kilmallock, and apportioning equal shares to Donal, Owen, and their unmarried sister, had left by will, duly drawn and signed, the rest of his money and such property as he might die possessed of to Nodlag. And lest this might not be strictly legal, he had called her for the first time in his life by her baptismal name, Annie Daly.

How the double circumstance—the legacy and the revelation of the name—became known to Donal's wife, it is difficult to ascertain. But the knowledge was conveyed to her in some way; and by her own minute and vigilant inquiries she placed the matter beyond doubt. Needless to say it doubly intensified her dislike for Nodlag, until that hatred became an obsession. The thought that *her* fortune, the money accumulated with such infinite pains

by her father and mother, and even by the labor of her own hands, should go to this girl was maddening. On one excuse or another she left Glenanaar, and went home to her parents for a few days. When she returned, she was unusually silent; and her manner toward Nodlag had changed almost into an attitude of kindness. Donal's spirits rose, and, after waiting many days for a favorable opportunity, he opened the subject of the young blacksmith's suit to Nodlag. He was so cheerful that he spoke with a light heart, and with that bantering manner that best bespeaks friendship amongst the Irish peasantry. He met Nodlag on the bridge that crossed the Ownanaar, the bridge where he had discerned Nodlag's tiny footprints the night of the great snow.

"Did you dhrive the yearlings up the glen?" he said.

"I did," answered Nodlag. "They're up in the high field."

"'Tis a grand year, glory be to God! for near everything," said Donal, not looking at the girl.

"'Tis, indeed," said Nodlag. "Everythin' is thrivin', thanks be to God!"

"I suppose you'll be a bit lonesome now, lavin' the ould place?" said Donal, breaking in at once on the subject in a whimsical manner.

She started and turned quite pale. Had the voice for which she had been listening all these years spoken at last?

"What do ye mane, Donal?" she said, almost crying, "am I goin' to be turned away at last?"

"Faith, an' you aren't," he said buoyantly. "But, begor, I'm afther thinkin' you are goin' to be took away from us; and sure 'tis we'll miss you."

"I thought there was somethin' goin' on," she said, "from the way the Missis was talkin'. I knew she begredged me the flure; but I never thought, Donal, you'd turn agin me."

And here she broke down utterly; and putting her apron to her eyes, wept bitterly.

"Why did you take me out of the snow-drift, Donal Connors," she said, amidst her sobbing, "up there under the ash-tree; an' why didn't you lave me die, and go to God, instid of turnin' me now adrift on the world? You know I have nayther father nor mother; I don't know who I am, or what I am, or where I

came from. All that I ever knew was that I thought I had a father an' a frind in your father, Donal; an' if you an' him now are goin' to turn agin me—well, sure, I've no right to complain," she said in a sudden burst of gratitude; "ye both have been more than father an' mother to me, and, whatever happens, I'm not likely to forget it."

"Like all women," said Donal, smiling at her sudden emotion, "you're running away with the question. What I was thryin' to say was, that a likely young colleen like you won't be long wid-out a husband, an' a good one."

Nodlag blushed scarlet, and dried her tears.

"You're jokin', Donal," she said. "You know as well as I do that there's not a dacent boy in the whole neighborhood would look at me—whatever it is, is agin me."

"I know wan dacent boy enough," said Donal, "that has worn his two eyes a'most blind lookin' at you, or for you. At laste, I know the sun never shines for him unless you're to the front afore him."

"Whoever he is," said Nodlag, her woman's heart leaping up at the thought that she was thus singled out for admiration, "he has never spoke to me; an' whatever be his manin' he never intinds to make me his wife."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Donal; "in fact, I kem to offer you his hand, as they say; and the divil's own black wan it is."

"What's the great saycret, Donal?" said Nodlag, anxious to turn away for a moment from the revelation of a happiness that seemed too great. "Who am I, an' where did I come from?"

"That I can't tell you. But I can tell you this, that, unless you throw away your chance, you will be in a very short time Mrs. Redmond Casey."

The declaration threw both into a reverie. Donal, having spoken, and seeing the success of his intervention on his friend's behalf, was plunged in conflicting emotions of delight and regret. It was a happy thing for Nodlag and for them all. It would mean a new life for her, surrounded with all kinds of affection, and a happy emancipation from the sordid trials to which she had for so many years been subjected. For himself it would mean peace at



least. And yet he thought there would be a big blank in his own and his father's life. There would be a gap at the fireside, where they would miss her bright presence, and her gentle voice, and her silent, but affectionate ministrations. He felt it was a change and a sad one.

Nodlag's memory was running rapidly over the past, trying to recall every little incident indicative of the newly-revealed affection of Redmond; and her imagination fled forward to the future, and she saw herself no longer the unnamed dependent on the charity of others, but the honored wife of a decent tradesman; and she was thinking how she would make up for all this blessedness by her loving solicitude to his mother and himself, when the morning reverie was suddenly broken by the shrill, sharp voice of Donal's wife:—

"Wisha, thin, Donal Connors, aren't I well in my way, huntin' and seekin' for you all over the farm, and you nowhere to be found? Wouldn't it be betther for you to be above driving out Hickey's pigs from the grass-corn than colloquing an' codrauling with that idle *thucka*?"

"Are the pigs in the grass-corn?" said Donal, lazily raising himself from the wooden parapet of the bridge.

"They are! An' 'tis mindin' thim an' your bisness you ought to be; an' let *her* do somethin' to airn the bread she's atin'."

"Thin, why didn't you drive out the pigs yoursel'?" said Donal. "'Twouldn't be the power and heap an' all of throuble to dhrive out a few little bonnideens, sure?"

"I have enough to do, slushin' an' slavin' for you an' your ould father, mornin', noon, and night," she retorted. "It was the cowl'd, bittther day for me I came upon yer flure."

"Think over what I've been tellin' ye, Nodlag," said Donal, following his wife. "You see it can't be a day too soon."

All that day Nodlag's heart was singing its own jubilant song of triumph and affection, as she went around doing little things here and there. The poor girl walked upon air, and saw a new color and shape in all things. This sudden transformation in her life was so much more than she ever expected, or hoped for, that she found it difficult to still the beatings of her heart. It was like a beautiful dream come true. For often down there at the

forge, as she went around and tidied things for old Mrs. Casey, she couldn't help thinking how much better she would do her work of benevolence if she had a right to the place, and it was a housewife's duty. How often she dreamed of the new curtains she would loop up over the diamond-panes, and the flowers she would place in the windows, and the new chairs she would get in place of the old sugán chairs now tattered and frayed and worn. And what broods of chickens she would rear, and what fresh eggs she would have for Redmond's breakfast, and all the other airy fantasies of young and hopeful girlhood. And now it was all come true. Yes! Donal would not deceive her. Redmond had asked her to be his wife; and she had— No! her heart stood still. She had never answered Donal! But he understood; and would make all right. She leaped so suddenly into happiness that it was almost too much for her. The servant-girls, who, following their mistress, disliked her, noticed it. They said to one another:—

“Begobs, you'd think she had come into a fortune, or found a crock of goold. What's the matter, I wonder?”

Alas! and the cup of hope and love was dashed from the lips of the poor girl in one instant; and it was only after many years and many bitter trials that it was proffered to her lips again!

It was the early springtime; and night fell sharply at six o'clock. There was no moon; and the thick banks of gray clouds shut out the feeble light of the stars. Supper was over in the house; the dishes and cups had been washed and laid aside on the dresser; and the mistress had done an unusual thing. She had allowed, nay ordered, the girls to go up to the dance at the cross-roads that branched to Ballyorgan on the right, and to Ardpatrick on the left. The old man, half asleep, was nodding over the fire. Nodlag was reading by the light of a paraffin-lamp in a corner; reading, to her surprise, undisturbed, for her mistress rarely allowed her that luxury without breaking in with sundry commands to do this or that work about the house. Donal was in the bawnfield looking after the lambs and ewes. Donal's wife was busying herself in the bedroom.

Just as the clock struck nine, the front door, opening on the

road, was opened noiselessly, and, one by one, six masked men came into the kitchen. Nodlag, with her back to the fire, was the first to see them. She gave a little shriek, and her heart stood still. Instinct told her that it was on her account they had come, —that this was her life's great crisis. She stood up with white face and eyes dilated with terror, as she noticed that the two last of the intruders carried firearms.

"What's the matter, alanna?" said the old man, turning around.

She couldn't reply. She merely pointed with her finger.

The old man arose from his chair slowly and with difficulty, and confronted the intruders. His faculties had become so weakened by age that here again he found it difficult to distinguish a dream from a reality. But the trembling figure and white face of Nodlag assured him that this was no delusion. Here were six masked men; and their presence boded no good.

"Run out for Donal, Nodlag!" he said, turning to her.

"Stop where you are," said the leader of the gang in a voice that he sought to disguise, "ef ye don't want yere brains blown out!"

"Who are ye, and what in God's name do ye want in a decent house, an' at this hour of night?" asked the old man.

"'Twas wanst a dacent house enough," said the man, "but it is no longer so. It is cursed, and blighted, and banned, in the eye of every dacent man, 'uman, an' child in the three parishes."

"That's quare enough intirely," said the old man. "I never hard that priest nor minister had ever anythin' to say agin' us."

"'Tisn't priesht nor ministher," replied the other, "but informer and approver, who sint manny a dacent man to the gal-lows; and whose spawn," he cried passionately, pointing to Nodlag, "you have been rarin' to turn on you an' yours in the ind."

"Oh, wirra! wirra! oh, ochone, ochone!" cried Donal's wife, coming out from her bedroom, and in a paroxysm of fright. "Oh, who are ye, at all, at all, and what do ye want? Oh, sure take annythin' ye like, and go away, like dacent boys! Oh, where is Donal, at all, at all; and the girls? Oh, spake aisy to them, sir, or they'll murdher us all."



"We don't want you here, hones' 'uman," said the ringleader. "Go back to where you kem frum, an' hould yer tongue."

"I will, indeed. But sure you won't kill him, nor do him anny harm. Sure, ef 'tis atin' or dhrinkin' ye want, ye can have the besht——"

"Hould yer tongue, 'uman," he cried, rudely pushing her aside till she fell on the settle, "an' let us do the bisness we're sint to do. That is," he said, turning to the old man, "to warn you to-night, Edmond Connors, to sind out from you that girl; an' let her beg her bread as she ought to do, from house and house——"

"That I'll never do," said the old man, firmly. "Who tould you, you ruffian, that she is Daly's child? Not that 'twould make much difference——"

"Who tould me?" said the fellow, fumbling in the breast pocket of his coat. "Doesn't every man in the parish know it? Do you deny it? Nobody knows better than you!"

"Lave me go, sir," said Nodlag, coming forward bravely, now that the truth flashed certainly on her mind. "Lave me go! I have been here long enough!"

"No," said the old man, pulling her softly toward him, "you and I go or stop together."

He did not know how prophetic were his words.

"But wance more, you ruffian," he cried, fiercely—for all the old lion-spirit was now aroused—"what do you know of this girl? An' how do you say she's Daly's daughter?"

"You d——d ould hypocrite, here are yer own words fur it," said the fellow, showing a sealed paper. "Who wrote, or got wrote, 'Annie Daly' there?"

The old man looked, and his face fell. It was his own will, that had been stolen.

"I see it all now," he said, looking over to where his daughter-in-law was crouching on the settle, "I see it all now. I'm in the way, and she's in the way of those who are well behoulden to both of us. I think I know who ye are now; but whoever ye are, let me tell ye, that nayther Nodlag nor I will lave me house, where me fathers and their fathers lived before me, ontill we are put out by the shtrong hand of the law."

"Ind the argyin'," cried the rough voice of one of the ruffians behind; "we can't be stayin' here all night."

"Wance more, I put it to you for pace sake, and to prevint bloodshed," said the leader, "let her go, and do you remane in pace."

"Oh! for the luv of God, Mr. Connors," cried his daughter-in-law, who now saw the unexpected determination of the old man, and feared that matters would end in a way she had not anticipated, "give in to them. Sure the girl is big and shtrong enough to airn her own bread now."

The old man looked at her with such anger and contempt that she shrank from him, and rushed into the fields to summon her husband.

"I gev you my decision," said the old man, turning once more to the intruders. "I say whatever is mine and Donal's is hers, so long as we live."

"Thin, be all that's holy," said the ruffian, levelling his musket at Nodlag, "we won't shtand it. I'll give you while I do be countin' twinty——"

He held the musket still levelled toward Nodlag, his eye running along the barrel, whilst he commenced—"Wan! Two! Three!——"

He had scarcely said these words, when a dark figure leaped from the door and flew through the kitchen; and a strong hand caught the would-be murderer by the neck, and swinging him round and round, at last pushed him toward the wall to wrest the deadly weapon from his hand. The other ruffians, thinking there was help at hand, fled through the door, and up along the road. The old man had pushed Nodlag into the recess of the fireplace, and now stood before her to protect her. The two strong men struggled wildly, but Donal, having his two hands free, had driven the fellow up against the whitewashed wall and pinned him there.

"Don't shoke me, Donal Connors," said the ruffian, gasping for breath, as Donal squeezed and twisted his neckerchief. "Unhand me, or be this and be that——."

To relieve the suffocation, he had to part with the weapon, which he flung on the floor. The moment it struck the ground,

the flint touched the steel,—there was a frightful explosion, and the whole kitchen was filled with smoke, as some heavy body fell with a thud upon the hearthstone. But, unheeding this, the two men, now equally matched, struggled desperately for the mastery. Donal Connors had the reputation of being the fiercest fighter and most powerful wrestler in the county, and was reputed a dangerous antagonist when his passions were excited. His adversary now—an equally powerful man—felt he was fighting for his life, and threw into the combat all the energy of desperation. And, when he got his right hand free, he caught Donal by the collar and the blue necktie, and the two men swung around the kitchen—now flung against the settle, now against the door, now dragging each other along the mud floor, which their rough boots had powdered into dust; and again, erect, with white faces and panting breasts, and breathing hotly into each others' mouth the silent hatred and determination that this was to be a death-struggle and nothing less. They were strangely silent, and struck but few blows. At last, swinging round in their death-embrace, they stumbled up toward the fireplace, and here the would-be murderer tripped over some heavy body and fell toward the fire, dragging Donal with him. In an instant the latter was up, and planting his knee so firmly on the ruffian's chest that the ribs seemed to crack beneath the pressure, he tore the black mask from the fellow's eyes, and revealed the face of—*his wife's brother*.

"I thought so, you ruffian;" he cried, "you'll pay dear for this. Nodlag, come here!"

No Nodlag answered; but turning around he saw his father lying senseless across the hearthstone, his legs shattered and splintered by the heavy slugs discharged from the blunderbuss, and the hot blood pumping from the severed arteries, and making a ghastly dark pool in the lamplight.

He rose up at the awful sight, and lifting his hands to Heaven, he shrieked:

"Great God in heaven to-night! Nodlag! Nodlag!"

But Nodlag, like one insane, had fled shrieking into the darkness.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

*Doneraile, Ireland.*

(To be continued.)



# Student's Library Table.

## RECENT SCIENCE.

**The Young Man as a Scientific Discoverer.**—Quite a sensation was produced toward the end of February by the announcement that Professor Osler, of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, had declared in a public address that it was the young man who was most precious for the advance of science, and that indeed very few new ideas were ever acquired after forty. At first it was considered that perhaps this declaration was really not Professor Osler's, but due to some exaggeration on the part of the reporter of his remarks. When interviewed on the subject, however, our most distinguished American medical teacher, who is just about to become Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, insisted that he meant exactly what he said, though he did not anticipate that it would create so much of a sensation. He added that, while there are exceptions, they are few and only serve to illustrate the rule. Further, he said that after forty a man can lead a useful life as a citizen and he can make money, but making money is not the great work that tells. The creative mind seems not to care to make money. The work that counts is the essential fermentative vitalizing creation of the mind, and history shows that men under forty have done the best and the largest part, in fact nearly all, of that.

There is no doubt at all that Professor Osler's opinion thus forcibly expressed is confirmed particularly by the history of his own science of medicine, though it is usually the custom to think that it is the old physician who makes progress and stands for what is best in the medical thought of any given period. All the great discoveries in medicine have come from men who were under thirty and most of them under twenty-five years of age. Vesalius, the father of modern anatomy, was not quite thirty years old when he published his famous book on the structure of the human body. Morgagni, the father of modern pathology, as Virchow called him, began his revolutionary work in pathology when

he had not quite attained his majority. Auenbrugger, who laid the earliest foundation of modern physical diagnosis of diseases of the chest, began his work when he was well under twenty-five. Laennec, who continued Auenbrugger's work so fruitfully, made his discovery with regard to the value of auscultation probably before he was graduated, at the age of twenty-two. He spent twelve years in working it out, and his great book was published when he was about thirty-three. Jenner's work on vaccination was done when he was a young man. Long and Morton, with regard to whose precedence in the discovery of anæsthesia there used to be dispute, now settled in favor of Long, were respectively twenty-six and twenty-seven when they did their work. Schwann made his discovery that all tissues were composed of cells when he was scarcely twenty-five. Virchow had begun his work in cellular pathology when he was scarcely older than that.

Of course it might be said that in the earlier days of progress in medicine, so much was still to be discovered that it was comparatively easy for a bright young man to light upon great and hitherto unknown truths. As a matter of fact, however, even in the last half-century, or the last twenty-five years, it is the young man who has made the discoveries in medicine and displayed the greatest originality. Koch, the father of modern bacteriology, was scarcely thirty when he wrote his first important paper on that subject. He was not forty when he discovered the tubercle-bacilli. Behring and Roux, to whom we owe diphtheria-antitoxin, working at the same time in distant countries, were both in their third decade when the work was accomplished. Ramon y Cajal, to whom we owe so much of our modern knowledge of the anatomy of the central nervous system, did his best work while he was still quite a young man; indeed, most of it was done when he was under thirty. Pasteur's great work in his later years was really only the accomplishment of the projects and the carrying out of ideas that had come to him when he was much younger.

It would seem that the most important thing for progress in science is the encouragement of the young man to see things for himself, and not through the eyes or prejudices of his teachers. There seems good reason for thinking that much knowledge in

the shape of information may stifle originality. Just now, when so much is being done to encourage original research, this idea must be constantly kept in mind. Hence Professor Osler's insistence on it, and the good that very probably will result from his declaration,—in spite of the fact that it caused such a storm of protest from the men who are over forty and yet do not feel themselves quite out of the race.

**The Coreless Apple.**—A few years ago all the world was interested in the seedless orange. Notwithstanding the supposed connection between seeds and that fashionable disease, appendicitis, the seedless orange has ceased to be a nine-days' wonder, so common is it. As a matter of fact, the seed-orange is going out entirely and will be eventually replaced, at least for ordinary dietary purposes, by the navel orange. Now comes the definite announcement that we are to have the seedless or, as its inventor prefers to call it, the coreless apple. We owe the new fruit to a Mr. Spencer, an experimental fruit-farmer in England. After many years of observation and experiment, he has succeeded in developing a blossomless tree. It is doubtful whether the world will ever quite forgive him, if it should prove as the result of his successful experiments that we are to be deprived of all that apple-blossoms mean for the beauty of the springtime. The blossoms on the new fruit-trees are replaced by small clusters of tiny green leaves, which gather round the newly-formed apple. As with the navel or seedless orange, so with the seedless or coreless apple, slightly hardened nodules make their appearance at the most dependent portion of the fruit. The color of the new apple is red, but with yellow dots. Heretofore, though seedless apples have occasionally been produced, it has not been found possible to continue the species. Trees reproduced from the seedless apple did not themselves produce seedless apples. The English experimenter has now, it is said, several thousand trees from which cuttings can be obtained for propagation in all parts of the world.

Mr. Spencer thinks that he can produce many seedless varieties of apples. In fact, he goes so far as to claim that he can take any favorite variety of apple and by proper nurture develop a seedless variety of it. One of the most interesting features of this discovery



is of industrial import. The apple crop suffers severely always when high winds in the springtime strip the trees of many blossoms before there has been any fertilization, and nature's purposes are thwarted. On the other hand, apple-blossoms have certain insect enemies which destroy them very freely at times, with serious results to the crops. One of the most harmful of these is a moth whose ravages cause a loss every year to the apple-growers of the world of £5,000,000. The inventor claims that this \$25,000,000 will be saved to the apple-farmer, because the new apple, having no blossom, will neither invite nor harbor this insect-pest. Some idea of the extensive way in which the problem of introducing the coreless apple has been faced may be gathered from the fact that it is estimated that within the next two years several millions of trees of this variety will have been set out mainly in Great Britain. Even though the new fruit should not prove as savory for eating while raw as the old varieties of apples, it will surely be of immense importance for the preserving industry, and especially for the production of evaporated apples, which form such a common fruit supply during the winter months for the poorer classes.

**The Sun and Terrestrial Magnetism.**—Mr. Maunder, the Superintendent of the Department of Solar Observation at the well-known English Astronomical and Magnetic Observatory, Greenwich, has been recently making some announcements with regard to the definite details of magnetic disturbances on the earth and their connection with sun-spots. The magnetic storms so called, which disturb the compass, sometimes to a serious extent, often proving such a hindrance to telegraphing and long-distance telephones, are directly connected with the appearance of sun-spots. It has been known for a long time that there was also some connection between these peculiar disturbances on the sun and the manifestations of the aurora here on earth. Now it has been found that there is a definite periodicity in the magnetic storms, and that they occur regularly at intervals of  $27\frac{1}{3}$  days after the first manifestation is noted. This is just the time it takes the sun to make a revolution on its axis and consequently to bring the sun-spot back to its previous relative position to the earth. The magnetic storm is apt to be repeated when the sun gets into the same posi-

tion, even though the sun-spot itself has in the meantime disappeared.

Careful measurements and ingenious calculation seem to show that it takes about twenty-six hours for the electrical or magnetic influence that disturbs terrestrial things to travel from the sun to the earth. This is apt to lead to still further knowledge with regard to the nature of various forms of energy that we receive from the sun, and of course points out an even closer relationship than has been so far supposed to exist between very distant parts of the solar system. Astronomical discoveries of the latter times are all of them distinctly tending to prove the unity of the universe and its intimate connection with every other part, notwithstanding the immense spaces that may intervene between celestial bodies.

**Radium and Vital Activity.**—The disappointment of some of the exaggerated hopes that were raised with regard to the possibilities of radium in the treatment of disease, or, should it rather be said, the failure of unwarranted claims on the part of over-enthusiastic investigators properly to materialize, has given rise to a very general impression that radium will be of no use at all in therapeutics. The wonderful new metal has, however, shown itself to be possessed of some effects that will doubtless make it of value in surgery, especially after more careful investigation has resolved some of the mysteries still remaining as well as the radio-activity most suitable for these purposes.

At one of the closing meetings of the New York Academy of Medicine last year, two conservative observers stated some of the results they had obtained with radium during the past year. They were encouraged to continue the experiments with the metal because of the results on vital action that had been discovered in various biological departments. Seeds, for instance, that have been exposed to the action of radium are distinctly retarded in their growth. The longer the seeds have been exposed to the new metal, the more slowly do they grow. A sufficiently long exposure kills the seeds, although the most careful chemical and microscopic investigation fails to show any change in the interior of the seeds or in the chemical composition. The germinal substance appears to suffer in some of its biological qualities rather

than from any more material standpoint, and life is somehow destroyed without recognizable material change.

The great interest of this observation lies in the fact that, after all, malignant growths in human beings—that is, the tumor formation, which is ordinarily called cancer—partake of the nature of seed material scattered in various portions of the body, which for some unaccountable reason take on new formative purposes toward the close of life. It has long been known that such growths were particularly prone to occur at points where the infolding of tissues in the course of embryonic development not infrequently leaves certain islets of misplaced tissue. Recent investigations in England with regard to the cause of malignant new growths point to the occurrence of a special tendency to the assertion of reproductive qualities somewhat resembling the properties of seeds in certain of the body cells as the basis of neoplasia.

Another very interesting observation with regard to the action of radium on living material has been made in the case of certain of the lower forms of life. If the larvæ or grubs of certain insects be exposed to the action of radium, they are somehow prevented from going through the series of changes known as metamorphoses, which brings the worm into the pupa stage and later into the winged form in which the ova are laid and a new generation begins. Meal worms, for instance, are the larval form of the well-known black beetle, which is found so commonly in houses. If meal worms be exposed to the action of radium, some of them will be killed, although most of them will survive; but instead of completing their normal cycle of development and eventually becoming beetles, and thus continuing the race, they live on, while sister meal worms, unexposed to the action of radium, are completing a life history of several generations. This retardation of the ordinary processes of life and nature forms a very curious bit of evidence as to the power of radium over vital processes.

Certain recent observations then in medicine take on a renewed interest. Warts, for instance, which are after all the form of a new growth not unlike a cancer in many ways, except for the absence of any tendency to infiltrate other tissues, but which may by irritation be roused into an activity that gives them infiltrating power, can be made to disappear by one or two exposures to a



good sample of radium. Certain of the recurrent cancer nodules in the skin along the lines of incision where such malignant growths have been removed can also be made gradually to disappear. Lupus, a form of tuberculosis of the skin, has been treated successfully by radium, in certain cases. The radiations of the metal seem to occupy an intermediate place between the Finsen light and the X-rays. They have been spoken of as a transcendentalized pocket-edition of the X-rays.

**Present-Day Evolution.**<sup>1</sup>—There are many people who would be very glad to know the facts upon which the claims of the theory of evolution, as far as we know anything about it, rest, but who are deterred from studying the subject because of the number of books that it would presumably be necessary to read, or the difficulty that would be encountered in understanding the technical terms which are used in the more ambitious treatises. For those who are anxious to know the present position of biology in this matter, Professor Metcalf's book with its large type, its abundance of illustrations that really illustrate, its absence of technical language, and yet its scientific accuracy and completeness as far as the author wished to go on the subject, would seem to commend this volume as an excellent handbook to a difficult subject.

There is perhaps a tendency to follow traditional teaching too much in stating the significance of certain of the factors of natural selection. Mimicry and protective coloration are given a place of influence that will undoubtedly be lessened in a subsequent edition of the book, for the present trend of biological thought is toward the remaking of these subjects by more modern and more careful observation. His summation of the present position of the two great factors that must be considered to enter into any evolution, viz.—the nature of the organism and the character of the environment in its relation to the organism—is very well done. It is here that the mutations of evolutionary theory serve to show how unsettled is the subject. When Lamarck began modern teaching of evolution, he taught the tendency to evolution as

<sup>1</sup> An Outline of the Theory of Organic Evolution, with a Description of some of the Phenomena which it Explains. By Maynard M. Metcalf, Ph.D., Professor of Biology in the Woman's College of Baltimore. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan and Company, Limited, 1904.

coming from within the organism as if, in a way, the desire to progress led to development. Later came Darwin and Wallace, who insisted that evolution was brought about mainly by forces external to the organism, by natural selection,—that is, by the influence of the natural environment of the living being. A quarter of a century after Darwin, many prominent American biologists considered that the Lamarckian principles were truer to nature than those of pure Darwinism, though certain modifications were suggested and the Neo-Lamarckian school had quite a vogue.

Toward the end of the century came the rediscovery of the work that Mendel had been doing in the *secund* obscurity of his monastery garden in Moravia, and then there was a return once more to the thought, so much insisted on by St. George Mivart, that evolution came from within the organism. At the present time, Mendelism occupies the attention of practically all the prominent workers in biology throughout the world, and as a consequence natural selection has come to be looked upon as a secondary factor in evolution. It is the realization of these successive phases of evolutionary thought—although each special school of evolutionists claims to have ultimate truth—that makes so apt the title of Father John Gerard's book, *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*.

In striking the balance between the influence of environment and the internal tendency of the organism to develop, Professor Metcalf says :

“There are two great factors in the processes of organic evolution—first, the nature of the organism ; and, second, the character of the environment and its relation to the organism. Of the latter, the character of the environment and its relation to the organism through the struggle for existence and in other ways, we know much. Of the intimate nature of the organism, however, we as yet know but little. We do not even know whether the life processes are conducted in accordance with the ordinary principles of chemistry and physics, or in conformity to some more subtle ‘vital’ principles. There are many questions which we are unable to answer because we do not understand the intimate nature of living things. Are there inherent tendencies in the organism, leading it to evolve in certain directions rather than

in others, as St. George Mivart contended, or is its evolution controlled by the needs created by the character of the environment? Such questions are as yet beyond our ken, and we have no present prospect of soon being able to answer them. It is possible that our knowledge of evolution may very materially advance when our knowledge of life processes of living things becomes more intimate."

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### OUR CRITIC.

South European Catholics There and Here. — Palermo lately received her new archbishop. "It was a touching sight,—the interior of the cathedral that day. The entire floor, filled with artisans, men who earn their living, and a scanty one as a rule, by their daily labor, and all so orderly, self-respecting, brothers of Christ, and of the highest in the Church. And their little boys, from five to fifteen! There they were standing on the costly inlaid altar-rails, perched high on the top of the confessional-boxes, clinging to saints and angels wherever they could find a place to see over the heads of their elders. Many of these were far from washed and combed for the occasion. Their boots and shoes were white with dust or mud. No one rebuked them. One thought of 'Suffer them, forbid them not, of such is the kingdom.'"

So we read once more in one who writes, if not with home-longings for the Catholic Church, yet with eyes to discern its deep-veined humanity.

And we recall an archbishop of another sort, the Anglican Archbishop Benson, after a ceremony in Bristol Cathedral: "Nevertheless, in the working crowds outside I do not (I sadly confess) recognize *sympathy*. They look at it as if we belonged to a nice and (on the whole) satisfactory order of things, but an order of things which is not *theirs*. Abroad, the cathedrals belong apparently to the *poor*; the greater the churches the more the poor seem to use them. Not so here. I yearn for that sight."<sup>1</sup>

Such a sight he might have seen when Bristol was Catholic, even as he saw it at such cathedrals to-day as Palermo,—odious as their actual Catholicism seemed to him. "And their eyes were holden, that they should not know Him."

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, Vol. II, p. 637.



But we have another word,—to the wise among ourselves. The sympathetic lady of the Unitarian *Christian Register* is quoted as above,—in a Catholic paper of our country; but without a word to suggest our living in glass houses. Strange! This “touching” sight, artisans in their work-a-day clothes, and their children, so much at home in the church. *Ecco bello*,—even if too much at home in their Father’s House. And then we throw our stones,—not too strongly; but we throw them,—and not against ourselves, with our (perhaps necessary) pews and churches often closed to the poor, but against Protestants whose churches have as much (and as little) of Sicily’s “touching sight” as our own in this country. With no carping spirit, but with charity, we must all be ready to ask how far we offend and put stumbling-blocks in the way of the little ones that come to us, the illiterate, the narrowly prejudiced, the unreasoning—what you will; yet children of the Church, unused to our commonplace, our materialism, our individualism, to our methods good and bad; shocked, scandalized, or frozen by our lack of sympathy, by what less of our own narrowness would make us to look on as offensive and in nowise Catholic, even if just tolerable *hic et nunc*.

**A Novelist and the Church.**—Nor must we again sin by omitting our difficulties, if we will not fall into the more deadly danger of a content that is dull. Mr. Thomas Hardy has now stated that, far from wishing ill to the Church, he often wishes he had been born into her in the Middle Ages, when, he says, everybody believed and was happy. So several Catholic papers have quoted him. They stopped short, and did not continue his words, which added, that reason must have its claims allowed, and that history and geology now block the way to belief.

Why is it any use noting all his words? Because it is well to see things as they are. “Things are as they are; and their consequences will be as they will be; why then should we wish to be deceived?” If we do not understand disbelief, such as in Mr. Hardy’s wish to believe, we shall never, by the human means we are bid use, persuade it to consider yet once again. Of what use is it preaching the beauty of *Le Génie du Christianisme* to a man who feels that as much or more than you do? What troubles him is that you contradict facts of geology, while murmuring

aside that truth cannot contradict truth ; and that you ignore history and seem to him to have fenced in a garden, and roofed a house, and called them the world and all the aeons. Do we not teach and preach often as if the world had been the people of the "Old Law" and those of the Christian dispensation ; under the former of which always but a handful of men existed, as for a long time also under the latter ? This is what really troubles men ; not that the Christian Church does not seem to them admirable, but that we seem to them to pass along unthinking, unknowing, happy it may be, but helpless to guide and steady the unhappy, whose solid-bodied troubles seem to us only spectres of the imagination. We may not be able to put everything in its place ; but, to be blind to the confusion around, is not to recommend ourselves to those who have had to battle through it, or are there struggling in the realities still. Three ways there are of facing such difficulties to faith : ignore them, and so be useless to others ; be overwhelmed by them, and so, to your own ruin, refuse to admit what can be seen for our guidance, though so much be in darkness ; and lastly, accept the light vouchsafed, and work by it, ignoring nothing, admitting no delusions ; if not satisfied, yet submissive, wondering at the permission of evil, yet not wearying men by futile attempts to explain it away ; seeing in the beauty of religion, in its effects, proofs of what we try to figure to ourselves in the Divine, while acknowledging that the history and the geology on which for generations we insisted are well calculated to make an honest mind put himself toward us in a state of defence and resistance. Little wonder that, as one more theological writer<sup>2</sup> confesses, young men of intelligence have their confidence shaken, when they find that "many old systems and opinions are incompatible with indisputable knowledge." To be sure, Faith may tell them that "any beliefs hopelessly in conflict with scientific truth, whatever dignity they may have arrogated to themselves, are no teaching of the infallible Church ;" but they must have a healthy power of drawing mental distinctions, when authorized books have been teaching them, by authorized teachers, that it is quite easy to trace each family's descent from our Lord's day to Adam ; that the Bible has the oldest historical record of men in

<sup>2</sup> Dr. James Fox, *The Catholic World*, February, 1905.

the world ; and when, to find out the evil deeds of Christians and Catholics, they have to go outside authorized books, and first learn two sides of history from the mouths of enemies, into which we have put all the power of bitter truths, to be used, thanks to us, against the Truth, and for the keeping away of honest minds, mayhap, who could approach it.

We have only to read the introduction to Deharbe's Catechism to know how shamefully true is what has here been said.

Some passages of warning and guiding we will note,—for the clergy, and even for the children. For one, or for the other, to cut one's self off, says the Franciscan Father Alphonsus, from the main current of intelligent life may be a remedy for some to preserve their faith ; but to assert this as a principle of life, is to preach intellectual suicide. And we must know, as St. Jerome knew, in words adopted by Leo XIII, that, while the Bible is inspired in all its parts, yet, " many things are said there, according to the opinion of those times, and not according to the truth of facts." The following are the passages :

(a) " In the interests of piety itself, the Bible must be studied scientifically like any other object of human knowledge. Edification must rest ultimately on Truth. . . . One after another, positions [of traditionary interpretation] which were deemed vital, were given up. . . . The concessions were made slowly, grudgingly, but they were made ; and as St. Augustine had said, ' Whatever they can demonstrate to be true of physical nature, we must show to be capable of reconciliation with our Scriptures,' the latter were read afresh, and found capable of new and scientific meanings."<sup>3</sup>

(b) " Catholic children were taught a certain amount of Bible History, but it was almost always out of text-books. . . . The constant repetition in all the French manuals<sup>4</sup> of statements about the age of the world and other matters, which no educated theologian now maintains, must involve for the pupils grave danger, when . . . they will find one set of statements to be quite untenable, and will, therefore, be placed in obvious risk of doubting the other statements also." (Costelloe : *The Reading of the Scriptures*, English Catholic Truth Society ; 1d.)

<sup>3</sup> Father Hogan : *Clerical Studies*, p. 471.

<sup>4</sup> Deharbe's Catechism is not French.



**Anglicans and Church Music.**—It rejoices anyone to read another recommendation of Dickinson's *History of Music in the Western Church*, and of the need we are in, of turning, for sound of "service high and anthem clear," to other Protestants, the Anglicans, whose men and boy singers it was that dissolved Milton's soul into ecstasies, and brought all heaven before his eyes. Boys not sing well! Boys not have pure bell-like tone, ringing, soaring! And not be capable of being trained! Go into any cathedral in England, and hear the choirs, those admirable upholders of the Catholic tradition we have lost, often living their artistically or religiously beneficent existence on old Catholic foundations, singing the same response music in St. Paul's to-day as in old St. Paul's before the Reformation. In that fifteenth and sixteenth century in England was there not a most noble school of English church music, glory of the country, as well as was its architecture? Were not Tallis and Byrd Catholic composers? Are not the Latin originals of much of Tallis' music now being recovered and sung? Did not Byrd fly from old St. Paul's where he was organist, when the first Protestant bishop, Ridley, broke down the altars? Do we not read of Byrd at a lone country house taking refuge, with two Jesuits, and the faithful lord of the manor and his family, and there singing the offices of Holy Week to the divine chant silenced publicly in those Elizabethan dark ages of the Church's art? And who now forgets it; who despises it? Not the sons of the first wreckers of its noble tradition.

But, that boys cannot sing! There is one great Catholic Church to astonish those thus talking wildly in their ignorance,—Westminster Catholic Cathedral, with perhaps the best singing of any church in the world.

**America and Saints.**—"Such servants of God are rare in the United States,"—Cardinal Steinhuber is quoted, by a contented American publication, which cheerfully suggests Father Hecker as a candidate, as a hopeful saint. But, let us consider this matter more curiously, and we shall see, with that Brook Farm idealist, and well-detached religious, that indeed the civilization that spells comfort makes not saints, nor yet artists, nor heroes. We have heroes; but they have not merely lain in the lilies and roses of

life; they have been, if you will, despisers of the common good, men who fail, as our civilization—whose worse usurps its better part—would say. Let us not laugh, nor even be self-satisfied, much less scornful, if our hearts are cold to saintly extravagance, and if in Italy saints can live and be loved. It is we, not they, must change, if we are to rise above “the good, enemy of the best,” and much more, in soul, as in mind and in heart, above that which *uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine*.

**Assassins.**—What fatuity there is in urging Russia to have some such state of things as we have in the Western world! And then there will be no more assassinations. Though more Presidents have been assassinated than Czars. Though the murderer of Mr. McKinley said that he too did the deed “for the sake of the good people,” for the poor, for the suffering.

So Robespierre proscribed, and Marat purged France of those thought to be in the way of the great regeneration, the Jacobin millennium, in which the sufferings of all men for countless years were declared to be but just, if by that means the rights of humanity could be established.

And meantime the Ten Commandments? With monstrous revolutionary sentimentality, there are introduced to us dear, nice, quiet Russians who are to write to us on the end of humanity, justifying the means of assassination of human beings, and to persuade us that a good deal of the breaking of the Commandment against murder may help us on our lawful way.

It is the old story by which we justify divorce,—for the sake of the suffering class of persecuted spouses; and lynchings because of victims, real and imagined, who excite our special commiseration. But, Lord! as Mr. Sam. Pepys used to conclude, to see how mightily mankind do differ, according as the wicked murder our own kings and kin, or those of other men.

**Church Music and Church Latin.**—The Bishop of Verdun, in France, has addressed his clergy reminding them that for some time past, as in other higher seminaries, so in his, a Benedictine expert has been giving lessons in the practice and theory of plain chant; and with great success. The old common and dreadful French hammering out of mutilated chant texts must disappear, and with it the French pronunciation of Latin—the nasals, the *j*

and the *u*; these last must be *y* and *ou*. This truer new-old pronunciation the Bishop makes obligatory in his seminaries. So does the Bishop of Soissons. Above all, tonic syllables must be stressed, so that French Latin speakers be no longer unintelligible to Italians and others, "committing short and long." M. l'Abbé Ragon, a professor of the Paris Catholic Institute or University, writes, *à propos* of all this, in *l'Enseignement chrétien* (1<sup>er</sup> fevrier, 1905), noting that though the faulty pronunciation had been given up in theory, yet it had been kept, commonly, in practice. Even so in England, whose university books give the pronunciation, as far as may be, of Cicero, while English youth still commit their barbarism of modern English vowels applied to Latin. M. Ragon makes his French confession honestly: "It is we French who are wrong. With our stay-at-home habits, and our craze of thinking everything outlandish that is not of our land, we go on laughing at the way an Italian, a Spaniard, or a German pronounces Latin, though it is we who are queer and ridiculous; every civilized nation (except perhaps England) shrugging its shoulders at hearing Latin pronounced by a Frenchman. . . . French bishops at the Vatican Council had almost to stay silent,—without the means even of understanding the other bishops."

So, for him, as for all the world, *j=y*, *u=ou*, and long syllables are long. This much first; and the rest,—the always hard sounds of *c*, *g*, and *t*,—will come later. Of course, as M. l'Abbé Roussetot, another professor in Paris, writes in *la Revue du Clergé français* (1<sup>er</sup> Janvier, 1905): "The way the Latins transcribed the Greek *k* is sufficient,—they represented it by their *c*. So, read *Cicero*=*Kikero*, *natio*=*na-t-io*, as in *natus*."

To the half cultured the unfamiliar will, of course, be always affected or silly-sounding.

"Enthusiasm" and "Fanaticism."—The unfamiliar use of the former of these words for the latter has been puzzling reviewers of *Sidney Smith*, the last volume of Macmillan's "English Men of Letters." Not that they know they are puzzled. It is surprising, however, to read a London *Times* review quite shocked at the cold-hearted canon of St. Paul's and his denunciation of "enthusiasm"; by which, of course, his Whiggery meant the



fanaticism—the unestablished, unauthorized, but not unnatural nor all unwise fanaticism—of Methodism and Revivals.

“Roman Catholic News” from France.—It is striking to see a long line of French bishops’ portraits; now when readers are hearing of the French Church tossed and seeking brave pilots. But who played a hoax on the *Literary Digest* to send it a photograph of Archbishop Fabre of Montreal for “Bishop Fabre of St. Denis”? Mgr. Fabre, here represented as living, is dead. Montreal was his see. St. Denis neither is nor was the see of any man. There is, in all France, no such see as St. Denis.

The hoax on the paper or on the readers goes further. A type of fighting prelate of some fifty winters represents Cardinal Richard, who, in his proper person, is nearing double that age, gentle, courteous, frail; as like the *Literary Digest’s* “Cardinal Richard” as the poet Whittier was to President Roosevelt, or Pope Leo XIII to Prince Bismarck.

“Roman Catholic News” from Germany.—The careful and accurate information from France makes one suspicious as to the German, who finds, according to the same issue of our American weekly, that celibacy accounts for lack of candidates for the priesthood. Yet such a reason must sound strange to heads of religious bodies whose ministers marry, and from whose ministry so many, in continually increasing proportion, are now shrinking; whose married ministers even, in increasing numbers, are giving up their profession.

Perhaps a truer word is that of an Anglican celibate, that the more self-sacrifice you have in a religious service of God, the more the souls that are worthy will enter it.

# Studies and Conferences.

## THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

Views of a Priest-Graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.

*Editor of THE DOLPHIN.*

REVEREND DEAR SIR :—Let me offer a few words upon my friend Professor Stockley's two articles on this burning topic, which is certainly full of instructive lessons for American Catholics, and may not come amiss from one of the very few graduates of Trinity College who have entered the ranks of the Catholic clergy. I may say at the outset that the Irish Catholic Bishops have undertaken a grave responsibility by their attack on Sir John Nutting's offer to provide Entrance Scholarships which would, in practice, place ambitious boys from Catholic Colleges on something of an equal footing with those from favored Protestant schools. I, for one, do not believe that there was any collusion between Sir John Nutting and the Board of Trinity College further than the collusion between a generous mind and a liberalizing body.

It is well-known that Catholic youths were handicapped, in the matter of money at least, by the lack of Entrance Exhibitions such as are tenable in Trinity from Royal and Erasmus Smith Schools; and it was to level matters up for the Catholics that Sir John Nutting's offer was primarily and principally made. If there was any "bribe" about the matter, it was made solely in the belief—surely not an ignoble one—that gold for genius, to quote an expression of Sheil's, has always and everywhere a magnetizing power. The only avenue to a lessening of the usual pension lay through the winning of a scholarship, and in this connection I may state that, long before the revival of Irish in Ireland, Trinity College was the only place in the country which gave an Irish boy the chance of a liberal education on the mere strength of the Irish language alone.

But this handicapping of a Catholic student was confined to the lack of an Entrance Exhibition. Once within the walls, there was an absolute absence of anything like unfair play. Merit, and merit alone, was the only ladder of collegiate distinction. I retain with a green memory a sense of the complete fairness of my Alma Mater. To conjure back the iniquities of other days when, for example, a scholar-

ship was submitted to certain doctrinal "tests," is as worn and as deplorable an argument as to import into the discussion of a modern Land Act the cruel feelings and crimson wrongs of vanished years.

It is a strange thing that the "proselytizing tendencies" of Trinity College were not exploited for the past thirty years or, at all events, that the stereotyped protests of the Irish Hierarchy were mainly levelled against the creedless colleges of Cork, Belfast, and Galway. The chequered career of these institutions may have more than justified the Bishops' traditional attitude; but Trinity College is a fact of Irish life which scarcely admits present compromise as well as past censure.

I have never heard a student complain that his faith had been tampered with or mocked at; and any tokens to the contrary have been limited either to peculiarly constructed individuals or to the jettison of juvenile minds. No university holds itself responsible for individual opinions, provided they are not delivered *ex cathedra*.

It has been said *ad nauseam* that the influence and atmosphere of Trinity are Protestant. Of course. No one denies it. But is not the atmosphere of Dublin city Catholic? Are the influences of Catholic training so ephemeral as to fade away at a few whiffs of heretical air? The priests and the sanctuaries of the city are all around; there are learned Jesuits and eloquent Dominicans and assiduous "seculars" to whom the freest of access is not denied; and the Catholic student, who is unable to maintain the faith of his fathers for four years in a Catholic city among Catholic friends, must be very poorly "grounded" by his clerical preceptors, or is an indifferentist at heart.

I venture to say that the "faith and morals" of an average Trinity student were as good as the faith and morals of an ordinary student of the Cecilia Street Medical School, which was the only faculty that survived the *débauché* of the "Catholic University of Ireland." When, by the way, was any religious instruction afforded—I am speaking of twenty years ago—to the vast body of students that attended the medical lectures at Cecilia Street? What attempt was made to organize into a Catholic Association—as is laudably done in the American Universities—the Catholic students of Trinity whose faith was supposed to have been in such imminent peril? The Catholic students of Dublin—Trinity and non-Trinity—were left wholly to themselves, a state of things which, I understand, has been partially remedied of late years,—a state of things which Trinity at all events, by its latest proposals, is more than willing to ameliorate.



Of course remedies of this kind are always in the nature of compromises,—*mais que veut-on ?* There are only three possible solutions of this University question ;—one of these has been jilted, another is cold-shouldered ; but the third is “in possession.” The prospect of a purely Catholic University has been dashed by the Tory Government ; the prospect of reviving such a one by subscriptions from the people is thin and bleak, especially in the light of a previous failure. The foundation of a Catholic College within the University of Dublin —“to be as Catholic as Trinity is Protestant”—whilst admissible within the charter, is a scheme that would start a second college at this time of day in a very uneven race.

The third solution, to make the most of a broadened and reformed Trinity, to make T. C. D. a truly national centre by filling it as far as possible with Catholic students (and hence in due time with Catholic Fellows) is the scheme that fails to find acceptance with the Catholic Hierarchy. The episcopal ban has been placed on this third scheme, after the bishops have failed to realize either of the other two. The result is a deadlock. The Tories have flouted the bishops ; the bishops are flouting Trinity. It is curious, by the way, that no body of Catholic laymen has ever taken the *initiative* in this matter of Irish university education. The bishops alone have mooted this question, year in and year out,—although, in doing so, they have always been politically unfortunate. What the next Liberal Government may do is uncertain ; what the future may bring is “on the knees of the gods.” I will only say that a policy that, instead of severing, would draw together the young minds of Irishmen, in the silver bonds of intellect and sympathy, would not only solve the question of University Education, but the larger question of National Government for their common country.

P. F. O'BRIEN.

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#### ANOTHER VERSION OF THE “DIES IRAE.”

We have received from the Saint Louis University a copy of its monthly publication, the *Fleur de Lis* (November, 1902), containing a version (signed “J. A. C.”) of the Hymn in trochaic 7s, from which we here quote stanzas VII—X.

What shall I, poor culprit, say,  
 To what patron shall I pray,  
 When the just are in dismay ?

King of awful majesty,  
 Saving those who saved will be,  
 Fount of mercy, save Thou me.

Loving Jesus, think I pray,  
 That I caused Thy thorny way ;  
 Let me not be lost that day.

Thou satst wearied seeking me,  
 By Thy cross Thou ransomedst me :  
 Let not vain such labor be.

The felicitous fidelity of the version will be apparent on comparison with the Latin text of these stanzas, as discussed in this issue of *THE DOLPHIN* by Mr. Warren and Dr. Henry.

#### HOME TRAINING AND SCHOOL.

*Dear Editor* :—I have read with much interest A. A. McGinley's article on the Boston Conference of Christian Educators, and am impressed with the writer's plea for the training of parents and child in the home ; at least, so I read his contention.

That is a point upon which very little stress seems to have been laid by those who have pushed the question of parochial-school education as a vital necessity of our moral existence, and the preservation of religious faith amongst us. I have witnessed time and again the spectacle of Catholic children in the circle of Protestants of the same or similar social stage, exhibiting a decidedly inferior training, in not only the general observance of politeness, but in the signs that make for the development of character, which the school is supposed to form. It is not merely our boast, but, as I am convinced, also our aim, to give to our children through the Catholic school those habits of virtue which a mental training and discipline in the common schools cannot by itself give, and we call the former the education of the heart and mind, that is, of the whole man, as distinguished from instruction, which reaches only the intellect and the externals of manners. If, then, a Catholic child, trained under the Sisters' eyes, shows itself greedy, vulgar, or thoughtless about the feelings of its companions,

whereas the Protestant child, coming from the public school, often shows a decidedly superior habit of moderation, you will say that the superiority of the latter is *merely external*. But then where are the habits of the child trained in the Catholic school? If they are not external (I am not speaking of the many Catholic children who are well behaved, because they have both home and school training in the same direction), where are they? They can hardly be within, since the child is apt to show readily what is in him. What then is the result of Catholic training in so many instances where our children are markedly inferior in respect for their parents and in general external behavior, such as truthfulness, kindness toward other living creatures, cleanliness, order, and taste? Can any of our educators answer this question without begging it, or shirking the main point by denying what anybody may see if he frequents our middle-class homes, or those whose owners have earned much money, and built homes with their early manners and late acquisitions? I assume the fault is in the *home*. Have we no remedy for this deficiency of home training, and must we wait for the Citizens' Christian Settlement Association to give it to our Catholic people, or has the Church made provision for training Catholic mothers and fathers outside the school? It seems a topic worth amply discussing in THE DOLPHIN.

A CATHOLIC FATHER.

#### A "NON-SECTARIAN HISTORY."

*Rev. Dear Sir* :—A subscription-agent for a work entitled "The History of North America," which is to be completed in 20 volumes, left with me some advertising matter, from which I learn that the editor-in-chief of the work is Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., assisted by "twenty distinguished scholars" who are to write the volumes, and are to be assisted "by a Board of forty College Presidents, forty Professors, and many Men of Affairs." The work is to be "non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-sectional"; in evidence whereof, no doubt, a supplementary broad-sheet gives the names of prominent Catholic subscribers, etc. The "Editorial Board" includes the Rev. Edward H. Welch, S.J., of Georgetown College, Condé B. Pallen, Esq., J. F. Edwards, Ph.D., of Notre Dame University; while the "Board of Exclusion and Inclusion" includes the Rev. Jerome Daugherty, S.J., President of Georgetown College, and the Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D., of the Catholic University.



Under such auspices, I have no doubt that the work will prove of great value from a Catholic standpoint ; and my purpose in addressing you on the subject is to learn, if possible, just what part the Catholic gentlemen I have mentioned have taken in the preparation of the work,—how far their advice ran and was followed, what subjects or treatments they succeeded in “excluding” or “including,” whether or not they were permitted to revise, in any volume, offensive statement or style of presentation (I mean, of course, offensive from a Catholic point of view), etc. My desire to learn something of such matters arises from the fact that prominent Catholic scholars are prominently advertised to prospective Catholic subscribers, who will depend on such names to authenticate the claim that the History is to be “non-sectarian” ; and I am led to address you on the subject because, on examining the first volume of the work (“Discovery and Exploration”), I find statements and language which I think a Catholic might fairly object to. I will instance the following :—

I. On page 437 of Vol. I, I read :

“During the third quarter of the sixteenth century, Spain, inflated by the wealth which she drew from the West Indies, was the incubus of Europe. The gloomy Philip was the incarnation of intolerant and narrowing conservatism. Spanish ascendancy in European affairs was fatal to the humanizing and broadening spirit which emanated from the Renaissance and the Reformation ; or it would have been, were it not that these influences were endued with the imperishable vitality which marks all movements of epochal evolution.”

Evidently the writer assumes that his readers may be Protestant, Indifferentist, Agnostic, Infidel—anything but Catholic, or he would not have made so many cool assumptions in the paragraph. The “narrowing conservatism” was the Catholicity of the centuries ; the “humanizing and broadening spirit,” etc., was the Protestantism of the century. “Intolerance” was the ear-mark of the age, equally prominent in England and Spain.

II. The author continues :

“The spirit of the age impelled the Netherlands to resist, and England to attack, the life-destroying ponderancy of Spain. Sir John Hawkins, by his voyages, pointed out the way by which England could make the attack with most advantage to herself and weakening effect upon Castile.”

The “attack” made by England was not of a heroic kind. England was at peace with Spain. Hawkins, who has the unenviable place in history of being the first Englishman to engage in the horrible slave-trade, carried on the “attack” in this wise : “The Spanish

government," says a recent Protestant historian,<sup>1</sup> "disapproved of slave-trading, and only allowed negroes to be imported into the American colonies in small numbers, by favored traders, and on payment of a heavy duty. It was well known that the Spanish colonists in the West Indies, Mexico, and South America were eager to buy slaves, whether their home government approved it or not, and that negroes would probably bring a good price and find ready sale if brought there. In 1562, John Hawkins of Plymouth, with another captain, fitted out three vessels, sailed away to the coast of Sierra Leone, captured or bought about three hundred negroes, and then made their way to the Spanish colony of St. Domingo, into which they pretended to have been driven by stress of weather. The governor, in spite of orders from home, made but slight resistance to the English adventurer's proposal to sell some of the negroes to obtain money to pay his expenses, and eventually Hawkins disposed of most of his wretched cargo, bought some hides, and returned to England. The Spanish government protested against this action and forbade its repetition. The king of Spain, in addition to his opposition to the trade in negro slaves, wanted no intrusion of English traders into the Spanish colonies. Nevertheless Hawkins was soon again on the coast of Africa and then in the West Indies with some hundreds of negroes, and by threatening the governors with small military guards at various Spanish ports he again disposed of his slaves. So in voyage after voyage, in some of which members of the queen's council and even the queen herself invested money, Hawkins and other English traders pursued their odious trade,—kidnapping African negroes and then forcing their way into the Spanish colonies and finding a profitable market for their wares."

This was the "attack" made by England on the "ponderancy" of Spain. Both nations were at peace. Elizabeth, fearing to attack openly, put money into slave-trading enterprises, against the policy of Spain in restricting and disapproving of such a heartless business.

III. Next we come to Sir Francis Drake, whom Hawkins aided in the progress of the "attack" by a solid training for such a business of pure piracy as Drake engaged in. I quote again from the "non-sectarian" History (p. 438):

"Hawkins had contented himself by making gain in his slave-dealing exploits; but every year Protestant England became more exasperated by the cruel tyrannies

<sup>1</sup> Cheney: *A Short History of England*, p. 355.

of Philip, especially by his treatment of the Netherlanders. Queen Elizabeth, though nominally at peace with Spain, could not in humanity forbear to render that stricken people some assistance; consequently, she looked with more than lenity upon the piratical operations by means of which Francis Drake replenished her treasure and caused the galleons of Spain to reach their harbors with empty hulls. While on one of these buccaneering expeditions he crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and beholding the Pacific, and at the same time the city of Panama, the emporium of Spanish wealth, he was seized with a desire to explore that great ocean, and doubted not but that means would be found to make the expedition profitable. He laid this project before Elizabeth and the statesmen of England, who in private gave it their sanction, and on the 13th of December, 1577, Drake set sail from Plymouth with four ships and a pinnace."

He gathered great booty from the undefended and unsuspecting ports of Chili and Peru, and returned, a great hero, to England.

All this is too naïvely put by our author. Elizabeth was exasperated by Philip's cruel treatment of the Netherlanders. She would have revenge, not by openly assailing the power of Spain, but secretly, through the piracy of Drake, filling her empty treasury with the gold and silver of Spanish galleons! "It is to laugh."

Our author gives us a full-page illustration of the heroic Drake, from Holland's *Heroologia Anglica*; also the title-page, in fac-simile, of an account of the hero, by "Philip Nichols, Preacher," who in the title-page, and at the very head of it, writes: "Sir Francis Drake. Revised. Calling upon this Dull or Effeminate Age, to folowe his Noble Steps for Golde & Silver." They were noble steps for noble objects!

One more quotation from the Protestant Professor Cheney, which will serve as comment here: "There was no war between England and Spain, but the Spaniards were Catholics and the English were Protestants, and enough excuse for hostility was found in that fact. Most of the seamen from the English trading towns were Puritans, and in the bitter religious hatred of those days believed that in fighting against Catholics they were attacking the enemies of God. The Catholics, on the other hand, looked upon the Protestant English as little better than heathen." Speaking of Drake, Professor Cheney says (p. 358): "He returned to England loaded with booty, having captured a Spanish treasure-ship on the way home. This was piracy pure and simple; but the easy conscience and shrewd diplomacy of Elizabeth approved rather than condoned, and she laughed with the rest of England at the exploit, shared the booty, and put off the Spanish ambassador with fair words."



I am wondering how Professor Cheney, in his *Short History of England*, has found space for the large measure of enlightening and fair-minded statement in a matter on which the volume of our "non-sectarian" History is so brief and so biased. The volume is sufficiently obese to have been fairer in treating the "expeditions" and "explorations" of Drake. It has plenty of room for assaults on Spain, on Philip, on Catholicity; for apologies for Elizabeth's condoning of underhand attacks on a nation with which England was at peace, of piracy and of slave-trading from which she profited in booty. Elizabeth, without religious conviction, appears a champion of the suffering Protestantism of the Netherlands; she "could not in humanity forbear to render the stricken people some assistance;" and "consequently," as the History so naïvely puts it, welcomed the piracy which filled her treasury.

IV.—Our "non-sectarian" History condenses the lurid account given by Parkman of the slaughter of the French by the Spaniards at Fort Caroline. But a volume dealing with "Discovery and Exploration" should spend a little effort in giving as correct an account as possible. Let me quote. On p. 437 I read that Menendez

"was commissioned by the Spanish king to conquer Florida, to which country Philip II did not question but that he held title. It had been invaded by French heretics; therefore, the expedition of Menendez was regarded as a sanctified crusade. The main events of the story may be briefly told—and, indeed, it was not a narrative pleasant to dwell upon. The Spanish commander marched overland, and surprised Fort Caroline while Ribault was absent. Men, women and children were butchered in one indescribable hour of carnage which engulfed the settlement."

In Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, I read (p. 272, Vol. II): "When Menendez came up with the main body, his men were slaughtering the French. . . . The women and children under the age of fifteen, were, by order of the commander (Menendez) spared." Why could not our "non-sectarian" History note such an important fact? Was it not our "Hell-roaring Jake" who in the Philippines, in these our own days, issued an order to spare no boys over ten years, from slaughter? Menendez, at least, made the limit fifteen.

Our historian continues:

"In retaliation, Ribault planned to attack the Spaniards at St. Augustine. But his ships were driven ashore by a hurricane, and the Frenchmen were at Menendez's mercy. By perfidious promises of safe conduct, he drew Ribault and his people to surrender themselves."

—and then, after some deliberation, killed them. Now Winsor's History quotes the accounts of Mendoza and Solis, as well as Menendez himself, showing that no such promise of safe conduct was given, however much it may have been surmised by the French (p. 275).

Our historian says that Menendez placed a legend where the French had been killed: "Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics." Even Parkman admits that no eye-witness attests this; and in Winsor's History (p. 272), I read: "The Spanish accounts, written with too strong a conviction of the propriety of their course to seek any subterfuge, make no allusion to any such act; and the earliest French accounts are silent in regard to it. The charge first occurs in a statement written with an evident design to rouse public indignation in France, and not, therefore, to be deemed absolutely accurate. No quarter was given (to the French Fort Caroline), for the French were regarded as pirates; and as the French cruisers gave none, these, who were considered as of the same class, received none." Now, why could not our non-sectarian History note something of all this? Speaking of the Ribault affair, John Gilmary Shea, who contributed to Winsor's History the chapter on Florida, remarks (p. 275): that all but sixteen of Ribault's men (these professing themselves Catholic) were "put to death in cold blood—as ruthlessly as the French ten years before, had despatched their prisoners amid the smoking ruins of Havana, and, like them, in the name of religion." A footnote here says: "Jacques de Sorie, in 1555, at Havana, after pledging his word to spare the lives of the Spaniards who surrendered, put them and his Portuguese prisoners to death; negroes he hung up and shot while still alive.<sup>2</sup> Priests, especially those of the religious orders, met no mercy at the hands of the French cruisers at this period, the most atrocious case being that of the Portuguese Jesuit Father Ignatius Azevedo, captured by the French on his way to Brazil with thirty-nine missionary companions, all of whom were put to death, in 1570. In all of my reading, I find no case where the French in Spanish waters then gave quarters to Spaniards, except in hope of large ransom. Two of the vessels found at Caroline were Spanish, loaded with sugar and hides, captured near Yaguana by the French, who threw all the crew overboard; and Gourgues, on reaching Florida, had two barks, evidently captured from the Spaniards, as to the fate of whose occupants his eulogists preserve a discreet silence."

<sup>2</sup> *Relacion de Diego de Mazariegos, MS.*: Letter of Bishop Sarmiento in *Coleccion de documentos inéditos*, v. 555.

Now, Mr. Editor, does not this "non-sectarian" History, so prominently patronized by Catholic names, need some revision? I am willing to believe that the prominent names of Catholic scholars advertised as on the various Boards of its editorial management, are guarantees of some favorable treatment of Catholic interests in some of the succeeding volumes. But what I should very much like to know is, just to what extent, and in what precise way, their semi-editorial functions were exercised. As their names are so prominently advertised in connection with the work, I think I may fairly ask such questions.

INQUIRER.

### "MY HOUR IS NOT YET COME."

*Editor of THE DOLPHIN :*

"Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" (*From St. Luke 2 : 42-52. Gospel of First Sunday after Epiphany.*)

"My hour is not yet come." (*From St. John 2 : 1-11. Gospel of Second Sunday after Epiphany.*)

In your March issue you state that "the meaning of the [latter] phrase is precisely the opposite of what it seems to be."

The meaning of the first Gospel (of the Finding in the Temple), quoted above, certainly seems to be that our Divine Lord at a word of gentle remonstrance from His Mother deferred "His Father's business"—put it aside for eighteen mysterious years.

To the tender reproach of His Blessed Mother, "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing," Jesus answered, "How is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

This is not petulant, but it is human. Youth, divinely docile, restrained by maturity and authority, divinely beloved. Yet is the irrepressible note of disappointment there; the wistful regret; the "last, long-lingering look" of desire as the eager Boy turned and "went down with them, and came to Nazareth and was subject to them. . . . And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men."

How divinely human is this. We find nothing shocking, nothing inconsistent, nothing incongruous in this Boy of twelve obeying His Mother. Somehow we do not consult Arabic versions to explain away the meaning of this heart-moving human scene. And yet, as concerns His Divinity, Jesus was as truly God at twelve years old as at thirty.



And the meaning of the second Gospel, quoted above, seems as certainly to be this:

Jesus had been baptized. John had borne witness to Him. He had gathered a few disciples about Him, and now He was meditating the manner and place of "manifesting His glory"—of announcing His Person and His office and showing forth by some conspicuous miracle that He was indeed "the Christ," the anointed Messiah.

These were the conditions: electric, pulsating with mighty things to be; when lo! (wonderful magnet of the domestic circle that can deflect these high purposes)—"The third day there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited, and His disciples, to the marriage."

It is remarkable how the Evangelist in these three or four short phrases conveys very clearly that the Mother is the important guest; that Jesus is invited only on her account, because He is her Son and an inmate of her house; and also, that the disciples are asked, by the conventions of the inclusive and hospitable Oriental etiquette.

"And the wine failing." Certainly it is not an improbable inference that the unexpected augmentation of the number of guests by the coming of the disciples whom Jesus had gathered about Him in the two preceding days, may have been the cause of the wine failing, and an additional warrant for the request of the Mother of Jesus.

"And the wine failing, the mother of Jesus saith to Him: They have no wine. And Jesus saith to her: Woman, what is that to Me and to thee? My hour is not yet come. His mother saith to the waiters: Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye."

And, at her word, Jesus indeed commanded the servants to fill the waterpots with water; and they filled them to the brim. And He bade them draw forth and carry to the master of the feast, and lo, even as it was so done,

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."<sup>1</sup>

And "the steward of the feast . . . tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it was, but the waiters knew who had drawn the water." And "Jesus manifested His glory and His disciples believed in Him."

Thus He who at His Mother's gentle command had put aside His Father's business and subjected the ardor of boyhood to the hard discipline of eighteen years of obscurity and humble labor; He, who, at

<sup>1</sup> Crashaw, not the Scriptures.

last has prepared all things for the public inauguration of that mission for which He, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, became incarnate; now—here—in an insignificant village, at an obscure marriage feast, is asked—what?—That He shall forego Jerusalem, and the Temple, and the reverend concourse of learned Doctors of the Law (how naturally will His mind revert to the unforgotten scene of the truancy of His boyhood zeal?); forego all the circumstances that should contribute to make the miracle of His manifestation ring throughout Israel; that He shall give up the cherished dream of all the waiting years and work His first miracle aforetime and, as it were, in secret. This Mary asks, this Jesus grants. “This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee.”

Truly a wonderful deference of the Divine Son to the human Mother! Marvellous indeed that the Almighty should give up His will, that the Omniscient should yield His judgment? But can this (last) be rightly said? Not in the plain meaning of the terms used, although Jesus is Almighty and Omniscient and—obeys.

But the eternal decrees of God are unchangeable and may not be at the beck of a creature, even though that creature be the Mother of God. This immutable will of God is not here nor ever may be in question. But what this incident does evidence is an unbounded—an extreme, but not inconsistent—deference of will and judgment here accorded by our Divine Lord to His Blessed Mother. Indeed, it is evidence of something even greater than this. Here again we behold the designs of God awaiting the word of the creature, even as before, in the infinitely greater design of the Incarnation, it awaited the wonderful, “Be it done to me according to Thy word,” of the same incomparable creature,—the ever Blessed Virgin Mary.

In fine, our Divine Lord at His Mother's prayer deferred the beginning of His public work eighteen years and, again at her prayer, anticipated His hour and aforetime, manifested His glory, in Cana of Galilee; all this, of course, “by the foreknowledge and predestinate will of God,” who wills the means and the instruments as well as the end, the details and circumstances as well as the final result.

I cannot see that the natural and literal interpretation of these Gospels here given is anywhere strained or forced. If it does give the true meaning of them, then certainly these Gospels, especially when taken in conjunction, as the Church places them, are the most striking example in the Scriptures of the power of the Blessed Virgin's intercession with her Divine Son.

If, however, the meaning is "precisely the opposite" of this, why does the Church make this seeming, but misleading, meaning more obvious and striking? For she takes these two Gospel narratives of widely separated events in the life of our Lord and from different Evangelists, and places them side by side, on successive Sundays, and thus brings them before her children as if they were complementary incidents of one vivid scene.

Is a literal interpretation unwarranted and reprehensible?

C. H. M.

It may seem disingenuous to say that the instructive interpretation of the literal reading of the above-mentioned text given by our correspondent, is neither "reprehensible" nor "unwarranted," and that, on the contrary, it is quite compatible with our reading of the same text, although that reading gives an interpretation "precisely the opposite of what the literal meaning seems to be." Our interpretation was not meant to be exclusive of a sense that appeals to the deeper understanding of those mysterious revelations which form so striking a characteristic of all the Sacred Writings, and which pervade the life of the Church, as expressed especially in her liturgy. The Christian Fathers have largely dwelt on this wonderful peculiarity of the Biblical text, particularly the Hebrew text, in which *the same written* words admit not merely of different interpretations, but may be *actually read* to mean different things. This is easily understood with regard to the old Hebrew writing in which the vowels were omitted, and one could therefore make a variety of words from the three consonants which compose the average Hebrew root-word.

Thus, to give a general illustration: The Hebrew consonants in verse 12 of Psalm IV might be read, as our Vulgate version translates, "Embrace discipline." The same letters, as interpreted by the translators of the Protestant version, read, "Kiss the Son." St. Jerome reads the letters as meaning "Worship purely." Now, to the thoughtful interpreter of the Messianic prophecy which this psalm was always understood to contain, the Davidic writer enunciated in this phrase the very fact of the dispensation of the New Law (discipline) being a peace offering (kiss) of the Son (of God), whereby a worship of purity, as distinct from the bloody sacrifices of expiation and the scapegoat, would be established.



To most readers this interpretation, which takes in the three meanings, will show the compatibility of differences over which the men who look to philology and barren statements alone have disputed, but which to the simple and informed mind are, so to say, but the varied refractions in colors of one and the same ray of revealed truth. What is true of the Hebrew is in a limited sense true of the Greek phraseology as expressed in writing. We have here a sentence which admits of two readings—one the opposite, *seemingly*, of the other, but that one the one most calculated to be understood by the average reader. For the fact is, that the passage as it is translated in our Bibles has not only been a stumbling-block to Protestant interpreters, but to the early Catholic writers, who—since they could not have access to grammatical helps such as are brought to light by the more thorough study of the ancient versions—were limited to the acceptance of but one view. This is evidence that the literal sense, defended and explained by Mr. Misner, does not commend itself to the ordinary reader. Nor need it,—for it is not any more the only legitimate sense of the phrase than it is the plainest one. Hence modern interpreters, such as the Jesuit Father Knabenbauer, who is a recognized authority in such matters, gives the preference to the view we expressed in our last number. Withal, those who are able to penetrate into the deeper—though literal—sense, especially when it offers an opportunity of recognizing therein the harmonious teaching of the Liturgy, have surely found part of the better part.

## Criticisms and Notes.

THE SUFFERING MAN-GOD (L'Homme-Dieu Souffrant), or The Divinity of Jesus Christ resplendent in His Sufferings. By Père Seraphim, Passionist. Translated by Lilian M. Ward. London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Father Seraphim, who died in 1879 as Secretary General of his Order, in Rome, became widely known as a writer of ascetical theology through his *Promptuarium Ecclesiasticum super Passione Christi Domini*, chiefly intended for clerics. He made the study of our Lord's Passion the object of his chief literary occupation, and has published a large work, *Reflexions pieuses sur la Passion de Jésus Christ* (three volumes). The late Bishop Ullathorne had great admiration for this humble Passionist who had a deep insight into Mystical Theology, as is evident from all his writings. The volume, as the title indicates, consists of a series of considerations upon the Passion from the Prayer in the Garden of Olives to the Piercing of the Sacred Heart with a Lance. Its style of presentation is half descriptive and historical, half devotional and didactic. The purpose which its author had evidently in mind is that of counteracting that phase of modern unbelief which questions the Divinity of Christ. It cannot therefore fail to do good, especially as the version is made with a certain freedom which takes away the feeling that in a translated work we are stealing other people's thoughts and imitating their feelings.

THE SANCTUARY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL. By the Ven. Ludovicus Blossius, O.S.B. (Louis de Blois), Abbot of Liessies. Translated from the Latin by the late Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P. B. Herder. 1905.

The translation represents, apart from the simple and strong piety of Abbot Blossius, who wrote in the days of the Reformation, showing how true reform might be effected from within, the swan song of that noble religious, Father Bertrand Wilberforce, the Dominican. He had learnt, it seems, from his boyhood days at Ushaw College, to read and love the writings of the sturdy Benedictine monk of Liessies, and in subsequent days occupied himself much with translating and interpreting them to his spiritual children. He died as the last sheets of this volume were passing through the press.

Abbot Blossius himself tells us why he wrote his *Conclave Animæ Fidelis, Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul*, of which this book is the first of four parts, entitled *Speculum Spirituale—Spiritual Mirror*—the three others being *Monile Spirituale* or *Spiritual Necklace—Corona Spiritualis* or *Spiritual Crown*—and *Scriniolum Spirituale* or *Spiritual Casket*; the translator deeming it wise to retain the general title, lest the book be mistaken for another of similar title and by the same author—*Mirror for Monks*. A monk continually begged the abbot with loving insistence, as he says, to write a book in which the chief things necessary for leading a holy life are laid down, clearly though shortly. He assures his readers that he writes only for men of good will, and that no others may think of deriving any comfort from his words. So he tells us: how he ought to begin who desires to serve God with his whole soul; what virtues a Christian man should always attend to; how the spiritual man should behave to his neighbor. Next he dwells upon the necessity of self-government, and gives sundry counsels about Discretion. The most striking characteristic of the treatise is the comfort that the writer gives to those who struggle in the path of perfection, lest they yield to discouragement by reason of their known faults and tendencies to wrong.

The style of book make is as handsome as is the doctrine of its pages comforting, and that is no small praise for the publisher.

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## Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be characterized by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

**Act in a Backwater:** E. L. Benson. *Appleton*. \$1.50.

A pleasant story of an Eng-

lish cathedral close and its people, with no interest stronger than a happy romance and vagaries of an absurd old braggart and gossip.



**Bandolero :** Paul Gwynne. *Dodd.*  
\$1.50.

The stolen child of a tyrannical soldier is made the means of controlling him for twenty years by those holding the secret of the boy's whereabouts, and when his torture ends the father discovers that his tormentor is his equal in position and reputation. The tale is possible in Spain, and is much better than its author's first book, although somewhat involved and obscure.

**Billy Duane :** Frances Aymar Matthews. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

A bishop who regards himself as in advance of his time because he is willing to perform the marriage ceremony for divorced persons whose former partners still live, appears in this story ; also fairly drawn ward politicians, a Hebrew pianist of villainous character, an impossibly clever heroine and a series of characters in various stages of marriage, divorce and remarriage. In spite of its humor and the cleverness of some episodes the influence of the book cannot be good.

**Black Barque :** T. Jenkins Hains. *Page.* \$1.50.

A large number of excellent seamen are persuaded by the offer of extravagant wages to ship for a voyage in a vessel of which they really know nothing and find themselves when once she is afloat on a voyage to Africa in a slaver. A display of brutality on the part of the captain, a rising of the slaves, are among the incidents which leave but only the heroine, the narrator and two of

the crew as survivors. It is an unpleasant but possible story.

**Castel del Monte :** Nathan Gallizier. *Page.* \$1.50.

The downfall of the Hohenstauffens is the subject, and Manfred, Giovanni di Procida and other real persons are introduced, the climax of the tale being the battle of Benevento. The book is rather a series of detached episodes than a continuous narrative and closely follows an Italian romance on the same subject.

**Celestial Surgeon :** F. F. Montrésor. *Longmans.* \$1.50.

Eight curiously intertwined lives are described by the author, who aims at showing that each of her personages come to his or her best self by means of some external cause, as if each had received an answer to Stevenson's prayer for some celestial surgery to stab his heart to sensitive wakefulness rather than to let it remain indifferent and cold. It is unevenly written but excellent in some scenes, and the worst character is excellently wrought.

**Coming of the King :** Joseph Hocking. *Little.* \$1.50.

The time is the moment of the Restoration and the plot turns upon certain concealed evidence of the marriage of Charles and Lucy Walters, a question equally interesting to the King and the Duke of York. The story is melodramatic in the parts relating to private persons, but the Stuarts are pictured with reasonable truth.

**Fire of Spring:** Margaret Horton Potter. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

If King Arthur had inveigled Lancelot into a runabout, driven it across the path of an express train, killing Lancelot and badly injuring himself, and had returned home to assure Guinevere that, all things considered, her behavior had been quite natural, and that he trusted that after a little time they might begin a new and happy life together, he would have behaved like the husband in this story, which hardly needs a descriptive adjective.

**Freedom of Life:** Annie Payson Call. *Little.* \$1.25 net.

The author explains how bodily ills may be lightened, and tranquillity be secured by the practice of perfect self-control. Her system is the exact reverse of the "Christian Science" process, and she frankly says that its best elements are derived from the New Testament.

**Fugitive Blacksmith:** Charles D. Stewart. *Century.* \$1.50.

A blacksmith accused of murder, although innocent, escapes from prison and makes his way from settlement to settlement, and village to village of the Middle West, partly by working at his manifold craft, partly by setting his hand to any thing that needs to be done. Part of the story is told in uncommonly good but not perfect Irish brogue.

**Golden Hope:** Robert E. Fuller. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

The hero's betrothed having been stolen on the eve of her

marriage, he consults the oracle at Delphi, and being instructed to follow the whirlwind, and hearing Alexander called "The Whirlwind," he and his sworn companions join the conqueror and take part in the siege of Tyre. The tale is well told, and makes no attempt to exalt the men or the times by comparison with the present.

**Hawthorne Centenary:** Edited by Colonel Higginson. *Houghton.* \$1.25.

This volume is a full report of the speeches made and papers and letters read at Wayside, Concord, celebration last July, and contains some matters not found in any of the Hawthorne biographies and excellent eulogies.

**Hurricane Island:** H. B. Marriott Watson. *Doubleday.* \$1.50.

A petty German Prince, fleeing from Europe to America in a yacht with his sister and an opera singer whom he means to marry, becomes the object of a plot to rob him of the large fortune which he carries. The means used is mutiny during the voyage, and the treasure, the sister, the narrator and the vessel are about all that survive. The tale is innocent in spite of its extravagance.

**In the Name of Liberty:** Owen Johnson. *Century.* \$1.50.

A tale of the last days of Queen Marie Antoinette, of the riots preceding her imprisonment, her sufferings in the Temple, and her death. The spirit of the book is indicated by the reference

of its title to Madame Roland's ejaculation, and actual incidents quite overshadow fiction in the story.

**Isidro:** Mary Austin. *Houghton.*  
\$1.50.

A young Californian of Spanish blood, destined by his family for the priesthood, starts happily on his journey to begin his studies and enters upon a series of adventures from which he emerges a married man destined to become the head of a great house, having been forced from his original intention by no fault of his own but by the sins of others. A few phrases here and there betray the author's lack of acquaintance with Catholicity, but the manuscript was submitted to a Californian priest for correction before being sent to the publishers.

**John Van Buren, Politician:**  
*Harper.* \$1.50.

Another but hardly a novel version of the history of the honest young man in ward politics, and the young woman won by his efforts. It is not a biography of the man whose name forms its title.

**Lion's Skin:** John S. Wise.  
*Doubleday.* \$1.50.

The chief characters are a Virginian boy officer of the Confederate army who returns to his home and his school books at the close of the war, and lives through the period of reconstruction and the ensuing political ills in Virginia, marrying the daughter of a Northern man who has

cast in his lot with the Old Dominion. As fiction, the book is inartistic, but it is history in an agreeable form, and is written from accurate knowledge and in a judicial spirit.

**Marriage of William Ashe:** Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$1.50.

The pictured costumes of this story belong to the period between 1860 and 1870, and the personages are dim reflections of real persons belonging to various times between 1820 and 1870. Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Blessington, Dean Stanley, and ugly Lord Byron playing journalist at intervals, Lady Palmerston, Lady Melbourne, and Miss Milbank jostle one another in the throng, the first named, much refined and entirely modernized, being the heroine.

**Monk's Treasure:** George Horton. *Bobbs.* \$1.50.

The hero, although educated, is as elaborately instructed as to the origin of cream of tartar as if it were the newest of the metals, and sent to Greece to secure a monopoly of tartar for the manufacture of an American yeast powder. He is received in a convent of Greek monks, into whose affairs he assiduously pries, and he ends by carrying off the stolen daughter of a noble family held as servant in a Greek household, and by recovering her fortune, concealed by the monks. The tale is ill constructed, and not especially well written, and the monks are strangely ignorant of their religion, and unlike real monks.



**Mother Light:** Anonymous. *Appleton*. \$1.50.

A beautiful woman, at the moment when she is despairing and penniless, is offered a home and employment by a man whom she knew in childhood, and is taken to a mysterious palatial house where dwells the Mother Light, the head of a sect using the "Christian Science" terminology, and is led to personate the Mother Light, when she dies, and all for the sake of "the cause," and her behavior is made to appear excusable and even laudable. Under the mask of an attack on "Christian Science" the story seems to conceal proselyting intention. It offers eternal youth, and health, and increasing beauty to all believers.

**My Lady Clancarty:** Mary Im-lay Taylor. *Little*. \$1.50.

The heroine having been married when a child to an Irish Catholic nobleman, and separated from him, immediately falls in love with her imagination of him and persists in remaining true to him, in spite of the opposition of her parents, who desire, upon William III's accession, that she shall give her hand to a Protestant Englishman. She wins in the end, but not easily.

**Opal:** Anonymous. *Houghton*. \$1.25.

The chief character, an ugly, but good and clever woman, supposing herself doomed to die under the surgeon's knife, reveals her love to the man to whom she has given it, but when she unexpectedly recovers she vigorously

assists him to woo the girl whom he loves. Later, when the girl elopes with a nebulous villain, the man returns her love, but she refuses to marry a divorced person, and there the story ends.

**Out of Bondage:** Rowland E. Robinson. *Houghton*. \$1.50.

Seventeen short stories of Vermont rural life, introducing excellent Yankee and French Canadian characters and dialect, and showing how the men of the Border States treated the fleeing slaves in those days.

**Pioneer:** Geraldine Bonner. *Bobbs*. \$1.50.

This story of California, in its days of quartz mining, mingles prospecting and love-making in equal proportions. It moves rather slowly, but has some humor.

**Plum Tree:** David Graham Phillips. *Bobbs*. \$1.50.

The "plum tree" is politics, and the hero endeavors to sit under its branches, to remain honest and to obtain his share of the plums. Certain scenes in the National Conventions of the last twenty years and certain real incidents are woven into the story, which is a fair presentation of political practice and its effect upon character.

**Port of Storms:** Anne McClure Sholl. *Appleton*. \$1.50.

The chief character is a woman of great charm and perfect selfishness, and she ruins the lives of the good but artless heroine, and the weak but clever principal

male character, leaving both to take refuge in doing their duty to their families. The tale is pitilessly unromantic, but almost all its personages are life-like. The potential imperfect and indicative future auxiliaries are wondrously misused throughout the book.

**Princess Passes:** C. N. and A. M. Williamson. *Holt*. \$1.50.

A jilted man, falling into the hands of a married pair devoted to the motor car, is first soothed by a pleasant journey, during which he learns the elements of driving, and is then presented to a person as unhappy as himself, and does not discover that she is a girl until he has learned to love her as a boy. Between fantastic humor and clever description, the book is extremely amusing, but it asks something too much of the reader's credulity.

**Probationer:** Herman Whitaker. *Harper*. \$1.50.

Thirteen short stories of white hunters and trappers and half-breeds of British America, with plenty of adventure and more than enough dialect.

**Return:** Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke. *Page*. \$1.50.

A story of Colonial Charleston, a wayward beauty and a very manly man. It is agreeably written, and free from the faults common to the average historical novel.

**Smoke Eaters:** Harvey J. O'Higgins. *Century*. \$1.50.

Episodes in the life of a fire-engine crew, showing their heroism, their coolness, and the unwritten law under which they live in the engine houses, and the peculiar manifestations of human nature brought about in the regular course of their duty.

**Veranilda:** George Gissing. *Dutton*. \$1.50.

An unfinished romance of the times of the Gothic Emperors, developing some striking characters, and very strongly describing the confusion while the old civilization lay in ruins and the new was too feeble to stand alone.

**Wanderers:** H. C. Rowland. *Barnes*. \$1.50.

A fanciful story of yachting, in which the Irish hero entangles himself in half a hundred intrigues and the artist narrator blunders in and out of as many more; it is better written than planned.

**Wedding of the Lady of Lovell:** Una L. Silberrad. *Doubleday*. \$1.50.

A shrewd rustic called Toby the Dissenter plays matchmaker in each of the short stories in this book, but the other characters are of all sorts and conditions and desire marriage from widely diverse reasons. The tales are humorous and ingeniously constructed.

## Literary Chat.

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"Father William," as the gentle priest of the Birmingham Oratory who during latter years, in his own manner, recalled the image of the venerated Cardinal Newman with whom he was so closely associated, has been called to rest beside his earthly master and friend in the little graveyard at Rednal. He held the sacred key to the memory of John Henry Newman, but could not be induced to speak or write for the public of one whom he had loved so much. Mr. Wilfrid Ward is understood to be the heir of these secrets, and we may now look for the full biography of Newman which has been so long wished for. It was of Father William Paine Neville that John Henry Newman wrote as among "my dearest brothers of this House—who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive to my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them;—with whom I lived so long, with whom I hope to die." That was written forty years ago. *Requiescant simul in pace Christi!*

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Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. have just issued through B. Herder in the United States volumes VII and VIII of Janssen's *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages*. The translation made by A. M. Christie is from the sixteenth edition of the original revised and completed by Professor Pastor. The period covered by the two volumes is that of the fourth volume of the German work, and takes in the twenty-five years between 1555 and 1580.

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The Holy Father has sent through Cardinal Merry del Val a message of congratulation to Mrs. Emily M. Shapcote, author of "Eucharistic Hours," "Legends of the Blessed Sacrament," "Mary and Mankind," etc., who resides at the Dominican Priory, Torquay, in England. The immediate occasion of the Pontifical Letter is Mrs. Shapcote's contribution to the Marian Literature through her volume, *Mary the Perfect Woman*, from THE DOLPHIN PRESS.

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We have received from the Birmingham (England) publishers the third edition of John Pym Yeatman's royal volume, *The Gentle Shakespeare—A Vindication*. The edition is much enlarged, and dedicated to Appleton Morgan, President of the Shakespeare Society of New York, and actually printed by the New York Shakespeare Press. Those who are interested in the religious profession of the great poet will find here material proving Carlyle's words: "Catholicism gave us Shakespeare."

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Writes a correspondent in the *Boston Transcript* (March 13th): "The rehearsal of innocent errors is an ungracious task, but possibly those Catholic readers of the



*Transcript* who were dismayed by 'Osservatore's' picture of the Church in America as drawn in Saturday's paper, may find some consolation in another picture, the work by the Rev. William Joseph Finn, C.S.P., of St. Thomas College, Catholic University of America. It is true that Father Finn labors under the disadvantage of being in the United States an eye-witness of the matters whereof he writes, and cannot therefore pretend to the accurate omniscience of a layman in Rome, dependent upon the reports of the Roman newspapers in regard to Vatican news from the United States, but still, his statements may be regarded as worthy of attention, especially as they appear simultaneously in *THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW* and *THE DOLPHIN*, the two magazines issued at St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., for the clergy and for the laity respectively. The former is read by at least one priest in every Catholic parish in the English-speaking world; the latter, although still in its youth, has a large and growing circle of readers, and contributors of the two can hardly be supposed to be ignorant of the necessity of accuracy in their statements. Further, an editorial note, addressed 'To our readers,' says, 'There are certain preliminary considerations which had to be set forth in detail in order to dissipate those vague generalities about the impossibility of carrying out the disciplinary prescriptions of the Holy See, which now and then appear in the newspapers, and are calculated to give an entirely false view of what is meant by the reform in Church music, inaugurated by the *Motu proprio* of Pope Pius X.' "

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We have had occasion to speak in these pages of the beautiful First Friday devotions in use among some of our Indian tribes of the present day, notably the Cœur d'Alenes in the north of Idaho. Father Ganss, who was our informant, writes in the current number of the *Vincent de Paul Quarterly* an interesting review of his recent experiences among these Indians, in which he narrates the following: "High Mass began with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. A surprising feature to me, as a musician, was that *the entire congregation sang the Mass in Latin* without an organ accompaniment. The Mass was Gregorian. The melody was carried in astonishingly good tune; the enunciation, slow and rhythmic, allowed one to catch every word. The antiphonal method (men replying to women) had a savor of antique sacredness that rendered it most impressive and prayerful. All the responses were sung in tune by the entire congregation, and the devotion throughout was rapt and absorbing."

And we cannot do such things!

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Touching Mr. Wilfrid Ward's opinion of Cardinal Newman's *Doctrine of Development* a learned French apologist writes to us: "Some months ago I read in your much esteemed periodical a review of some work of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in which he explains what he thinks to be the true doctrine, or consequences of the true doctrine, of Cardinal Newman concerning the 'Development.' That explanation looked perplexing and—at least in my opinion—very dangerous and unsatisfactory. Since then I have come across a note (p. 287, Vol. I, *Essays Critical and Historical*) of Newman himself (edition 1871), which I beg leave to copy here: 'The hypothesis about the *depositum fidei* in which I gradually acquiesced was that of doctrinal development, or the solution of doctrine out of various original and fixed *dogmatic truths*, which were held inviolate from first to last, and the more firmly established and illustrated by

the very process of enlargement; whereas here I have given utterance to a theory, not mine, of a certain *metamorphosis* and recasting of doctrines into new shapes—‘in nova mutatas corpora formas’—those old and new shapes being foreign to each other, and connected only as symbolizing or realizing certain immutable but nebulous principles.”

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Readers of Father Spillmann's novels, a number of which have been translated into English, will learn with regret that the gifted Jesuit writer's literary activity has ceased by his death (February 26) at Bellevue (Luxemburg). Apart from his numerous stories, romances, and novels, which are pervaded by an atmosphere of noble and elevating interest, we owe to him solid contributions to studies in geography and history. One of his best known books is a History of the English Martyrs during the time of Henry VIII and Elizabeth down to the year 1583 (B. Herder).

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The *Fleur de Lis*, the St. Louis University journal, gives a singularly true, though brief, characterization of *Brother and Sister* (B. Herder), which appeared serially in the (as the writer chooses to call it) “exclusive” DOLPHIN. “There is purpose in this book. That purpose is to show the true meaning of education.” Of the leading character, the writer justly says that it “becomes broader and stronger, more beautiful and more heroic, as the pages are turned.” The faults of the book are, he thinks, its local coloring; but it is not possible to make the peculiar excellence of the Vendée temperament felt except in such a secluded setting. This rarity is the habit of excellence in any field, and that which lends to the actions portrayed that charm which draws to a desire of imitation never elicited by the commonplace.

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*The Cross* directs attention to an item in the London “Book Notes” which states that the programme of music announced for a recent celebration in the Cathedral at Durban indicates that the regulations of the *Motu proprio* on Church Music have not yet been promulgated in South Africa. We believe that Durban is the terminus of the railway into the interior at Natal; that is of course very far away. But as THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW and THE DOLPHIN have some subscribers in Natal, the Durbanites may soon change their ways and do even better than some of our more cultured adherents to easy traditions who live farther north.

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A Paulist Father, the Rev. William L. Sullivan, is infusing intellectual life into the popular sermon—popular in the sense in which Lacordaire by his preaching attracted the youth of France, who were capable of thinking, and who to convert thought into enthusiasm and systematic action needed the spur of a reflecting eloquence which appealed to them. We trust that the Lenten course preached in New York and outlined in “The Call to the Kingdom; The Law of the Kingdom; Who Shall Enter the Kingdom; The Highway to the Kingdom; The Rewards of the Kingdom,” may find its way into the permanent form of a well-printed book.

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Arrangements have been completed with the Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London, and Bombay, to publish Father Sheehan's *Glenanaar* imme-

diately upon its completion as a serial in *THE DOLPHIN*. Negotiations are in progress with the same firm for the ultimate publication of *Lex Amandi*.

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The *Liber Gradualis* of the Vatican Commission for the reform of the liturgical chant will be the first of the series to appear, probably by the beginning of the year 1906. The next two volumes, the *Antiphonary* and the *Vesperal*, will not be ready before 1907.

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In the meantime the Catholic authorities are to see that the training of boys and congregational singing be gradually introduced. The method by which this can be accomplished, even in small churches in the country, has already been indicated in these pages.

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It is a serious wrong for editors of Catholic journals to aid in the systematic depreciation, from irresponsible sources, which undertakes to weaken the force of the Pope's legislation, by printing false reports and "sayings" of "prominent ecclesiastics in Rome,"—that the Holy Father did not mean what he said, or that the old state of things is going to be tolerated, because it is found to be impossible to carry out the *Motu proprio*, except in cathedral churches and in seminaries.

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Such statements are on their face false, and originate either from the disgruntled representatives of the modern organ choir, or from ecclesiastics who are lacking the requisite appreciation and energy to assist in the reform. The so-called "interviews" with Roman prelates or with Jesuit Fathers are either inventions of the reporters, or, if true, prove that all prelates and Jesuits are not as wise and discreet as they ought to be, if they were true to their cloth.

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It may indeed be in many places and circumstances practically impossible to introduce the *Plain Chant* in all its perfect form, but the very way in which the Pontifical Commission sets about the work of procuring the means, and the ample time limit and suggestive alternatives which the *Motu proprio* allows for its ultimate and complete observance, show that the reform is to be effected gradually. In order to do so, however, it is to be taken in hand at once. We can train the boys, if only to sing hymns in unison; we can thus get the congregation to take part in the popular singing at Benediction, and by and by the taste and the means by which everyone in the church takes part in the liturgy will be developed. So was it in the Church for centuries; so is it still in many places.

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That women are applauded for singing in church, if they observe the decorum of time and place and manner, is evident from a letter of congratulation which the Holy Father recently addressed to the Lady Abbess of Stanbrook in England. The nuns in her convent have for years maintained the chanting of the Gregorian music according to their Benedictine rule, and people from all parts of England have gone to listen to the edifying services rendered in the abbey chapel.



# Books Received.

## THEOLOGY AND ASCETICS.

THE EXPLANATORY CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Chiefly intended for the use of children in Catholic schools. With an Appendix. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. Pp. 170. Price, \$0.08; without Appendix, \$0.06.

THE RIGHT LIFE, and How to Live It. By Henry A. Stimson. With Introduction by William H. Maxwell, City Superintendent of Schools, New York. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1905. Pp. xviii—256. Price, \$1.20 *net*.

SINE MACULA. P. Francisco Sequeira. 2ª edicao. Portalegre: Typ. Minerva Central. 1904. Pp. 132.

PENSEES CHOISIES DU VÉNÉRABLE CURÉ D'ARS. Suivies des Petites Fleurs d'Ars. Nouvelle edition. Paris: P. Téqui. 1905. Pp. vii—161. Prix, 1 franc.

VIE DU VÉNÉRABLE JUSTIN DE JACOBIS de la Congrégation de la Mission (Dite des Lazaristes), Premier Vicar Apostolique de l'Abyssinie. Par M. Demimuid, Protonotaire Apostolique, Chanoine honoraire de Paris, Docteur ès Lettres, Directeur Général de l'œuvre de la Sainte-Enfance. Paris: Ancienne Ch. Douniol (P. Téqui). 1905. Pp. viii—416. Prix, 7 francs 50 centimes.

LA VIE DE MONSIEUR BORDERIES, évêque de Versailles. Par M. Dupanloup (Œuvre posthume). Paris: Ancienne Maison Ch. Douniol (P. Téqui). 1905. Pp. 450. Prix, 4 francs.

## SACRED SCRIPTURE.

LA SAINTE BIBLE POLYGLOTTE. Contenant le texte Hébreu original, le texte Grec des Septante, le texte Latin de la Vulgate, et la traduction Française de M. l'Abbé Glaire. Avec les différences de l'Hébreu, des Septante et de la Vulgate; des introductions, des notes, des cartes et des illustrations. Par F. Vigouroux, Prêtre de Saint-Sulpice. Ancien Testament. Tome V. L'Ecclésiastique.—Isaïe.—Jérémie. Les Lamentations.—Baruch. Paris: A. Roger et F. Chernoviz; Montreal: Librairie Granger. 1904. Pp. 892.

GROSSES EPISTEL- UND EVANGELIENBUCH. Nach der vom Apostol. Stuhle approbierten Bibelübersetzung. Von Augustin Arndt, S.J. Mit einem Anhang von Gebeten und Litaneien. Mit den neuesten Festen vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Mit oberhirtlicher Genehmigung. Regensburg, Rom, New York und Cincinnati: Druck und Verlag von Friedrich Pustet. 1905. Pp. 391. Price, \$0.90 *net*.

## LITURGY.

PSALLITE SAPIENTER. Psallieret weise! Erklärung der Psalmen im Geiste des betrachtenden Gebets und der Liturgie. Dem Klerus und Volk gewidmet. Von Dr. Maurus Wolter, O.S.B. Dritte Auflage. Erster Band. Psalm 1—35. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung. Zweigniederlassungen in Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo. 1904. Pp. 614. Price, \$2.65 *net*.

RESPONSORIA. Ad I Nocturnum Matutini in Triduo Hebdomadis Majoris. IV vocum aequalium. Composita a Jacobo Strubel. Op. 47. Responsorien zur I Nokturn. In den drei letzten Tagen der Charwoche für vier Männerstimmen. Ratisbonae, Romae et Neo Eboraci: Sumptibus et Typis Friderici Pustet. 1899. Pp. 20.

IMPROPERIUM. Offertory for Palm Sunday. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. Price, \$0.05.

PREIS-MESSE "SALVE REGINA." Für Sopran u. Alt (obligat.), Tenor u. Bass (ad lib.). Und Begleitung der Orgel. Von G. E. Stehle, Domkapellmeister. 14te unveränderte Auflage. Ratisbonae, Romae, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnati: Sumptibus Friderici Pustet. 1905. Pp. 23.

MISSA CORONATA "SALVE REGINA." Quatuor vocibus aequalibus comitante Organo. Cincinnati. Composuit J. G. E. Stehle. Ratisbonae, Romae, Neo Eboraco et Cincinnati: Sumptibus Friderici Pustet. MDCCCIII. Pp. 26.

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